

Santa Barbara and around there. By Edwards Roberts.

With illustrations by H.C. Ford

SANTA BARBARA And Around There.

THE SANTA BARBARA BAY.

SANTA BARBARA *AND AROUND THERE.*

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. C. FORD.

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PREFACE.

SANTA BARBARA does not need to have untruths published regarding its climate, surroundings, and natural attractions. They are so nearly perfect, so varied and beautiful, that it is superfluous to exaggerate them.

The following pages contain no statement that has not been verified. The aim has been to picture truthfully, rather than entertainingly. The region described is peculiar unto itself, and has no counterpart in America. The popularity of Santa Barbara as a resort increases every year. In a great measure it is to America what Nice and Mentone are to Europe.

In preparing the present guide, the editor has been under obligations to individuals, and has gained much information from the following books and pamphlets: "Santa Barbara as It Is," by Mrs. Hall-Wood; "A Business Man's Estimate of Santa Barbara County," by J. J. Perkins; Hittell's "History of California;" "The Missions of California," by William Carey Jones; "Exploration de l'Oregon et des Californies," by M. Duflot de Mofras; and Bancroft's "History of California."

EDWARDS ROBERTS.

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SANTA BARBARA. CHAPTER I. WITH THE BARBAREÑOS.

SANTA BARBARA may be described as having her feet bathed by the warm blue waters of the Pacific, and her head pillowed on the mountains of the Santa Ynez. For the little valley in which the scattered houses of the town are nestled lies directly between the mountains and the sea, and from the shore of the one extends to the foot-hills of the other.

Owing to the peculiar divergence of the California coast from its usual direction of north 12 and south to a line extending nearly due east and west, Santa Barbara has a southern outlook; and the western borders of the valley are protected by a low group of hills known as the *Mesa*. Thus situated, the garden-like vale enjoys a climate which is the admiration of even a Californian, and which to a visitor from afar seems perfection itself. It is only polite fiction to say that there are any seasons at all. The grasses are greener and the flowers fresher at one time perhaps than at another; but the air is ever soft, the live-oaks are always green, and roses never cease to bloom.

It matters but little, so far as concerns one's enjoyment of the prospect which gradually unfolds itself, how entrance to the Santa Barbara valley is made. If overland, by way of San Buenaventura, the view up the coast is a revelation to all lovers of the beautiful. To the right lies the Pacific, and following its gracefully

A SANTA BARBARA HOME.

14 curved shore are the mountains, their summits clearly outlined against a sky of Italian blueness. For miles the road is through cultivated fields and past groves of orange, lemon, and walnut trees. Beyond these it crosses an oak-grown elevation, from the top of which Santa Barbara is visible.

By the ocean route one does not see Santa Barbara until the boat rounds Castle Rock Point and enters the bay which stretches before the town. Then, however, the valley and the white towers of the Mission, standing in bold relief against their background of hills, are revealed. From the south, the steamer's course is past the various headlands of the coast, and for hours before it is reached, Santa Barbara may be sighted. In the distance are confused masses of mountains, blue and haze-

obscured; to the right, pressing upon a stretch of yellow sand, are scattered clusters of houses, surrounded by fruit groves and grain fields; and reaching into the bay is the little wharf, toward which the boat makes its way over a glassy sea.

The history of Santa Barbara is uneventful. There was never a war waged for its possession, and no violent disturbance has ever broken the serenity that now exists. The first mention of the valley was made by Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who sailed into the Santa Barbara channel as early as 1542. He found the coast peopled by Indians who were superior in many respects to the average California aborigines, but who lived, nevertheless, in the most primitive manner. In 1602 Sebastian Viscaïno, sailing under a commission from Philip III., reached the Santa Catalina Island, which helps to form the Santa Barbara channel. Viscaïno does not mention the Indians who lived on the mainland, and with whom the people on the island had business relations, but describes at length the Catalina women and children, who he says were modest and decorous as well as nearly white.

From the year of Viscaïno's visit to 1782, there are no authentic reports of Santa Barbara. But in the spring of that year the Franciscan Father, Junipero Serra, who had already established Missions from San Diego to San Francisco, proceeded along the coast, and at Santa Barbara consecrated the chapel which had been built within the walls of the Presidio. From that time until 1833, when the Act aimed at the overthrow of the California Missions was passed by the Mexican Congress, Santa Barbara enjoyed its season of greatest prosperity. The Fathers were rich, and their Indian converts so cultivated the valley that it became a veritable garden.

But the overthrow of the Franciscans created sad havoc. The church lost its treasures and the Indians neglected the fields. Then came the gradual overthrow of Spanish rule and the invasion of Americans. Slowly but surely Santa Barbara became changed. The Presidio was deserted, and the happy quiet of the past was replaced by a restless activity. In 1874 the bubble of expectation was full-blown. Vandalism was rampant. Picturesque cottages were torn down and new buildings erected in their place. The town was looked upon as a future metropolis, and real estate commanded fabulous prices. Then the bubble burst, and hearts grew sad. Prices fell and improvements ceased. By degrees the cold truth was understood, and there ceased to be dreams of commercial importance.

To-day Santa Barbara has accepted its alternative and has laid siege, together with Nice, Mentone, and Newport, to the distinction of being a sanitarium and popular resort. Its reputation has gone across a 18 continent and beyond the Atlantic. It grows in favor every year. Naturally picturesque in appearance, it is rendered still more so by its surroundings. The place is destined to become the American Nice. Its climate alone, unequalled for salubriousness, insures it this distinction.

Old Santa Barbara consisted of little more than a Presidio, with a few red-tiled adobes grouped about the walls of the fort. Wherever the Spaniards gathered in California they built their Presidio. They were nearly all alike, and consisted of adobe walls fourteen feet high, enclosing a square, and defended at the angles by small bastions, on which were small brass cannon. In the enclosure were the barracks, a store-house, a church, and the Commandant's residence. The outer walls were defended by a trench twelve feet wide and six deep, and the square was entered through two 19 gateways, open during the day but closed at night.

Near the Presidio stood the *Castillo*, a covered battery, manned, and mounted by a few guns. Though but a slight defence against a powerful enemy, the *Castillo* was sufficiently formidable to intimidate the Indians, who were the only foes likely to disturb the Spaniards, and served admirably as an outer guard to the Presidio.

The cottages gathered about the Presidio constituted the *pueblo*, or town, which occupied land that had been granted discharged soldiers and others, by the Mission Fathers. The *rancherias*, from which comes the modern name of ranch, consisted of "King's lands" which had been set apart for the use of the troops. After California was ceded to the Americans the *rancherias* were deeded to individuals, who have in many instances held them to the present day.

20

In such a time of peace as that which intervened between the establishment of the Mission and the loss of California, the Spanish governors at Santa Barbara had little to mar their enjoyment of life. For a small sum of money the Fathers absolved them from sin; the climate, warm and unchangeable, invited placidity; Indian labor was cheap and abundant; and fortunes were rapidly

accumulated through the increase of the cattle that fed in the different valleys. Dana describes the pleasures of the people as simple. A marriage among the rich which he witnessed was celebrated by a three day's festival, and fandangoes were danced upon every possible occasion. There was sunshine and good-will, and the village knew nothing of, and cared but little for, the outside world.

And this in a measure is the case to-day. Old Santa Barbara has been changed ²¹ somewhat, and much of its former fascination has been destroyed, together with its cottages, but the peaceful serenity of the place remains. The quiet would be oppressive, at times, to one of an active temperament, were it not for the view of ocean, valley, and mountain, that is ever present. But with the sight of these gifts of Nature one forgets that Santa Barbara is listless, and is only cognizant of the fact that it is charming. Its beauty disarms energy and the power to criticise. The deep blue of the ocean, stretching far away to softly outlined islands; the clearness of the sky, which is only occasionally hid by clouds, and the long beach of sand, flecked with the white spray of oceanwaves, are sights that every town does not possess. Their attractiveness, with that of other scenes, is enticing. One comes for a week and remains a year, or for a lifetime. Seasons come and go, but no notice is taken ²² of their arrival or departure. The fact is forgotten that life is ever real or earnest, and the happy dweller, satiated by delights he never before experienced, only dreams his time away.

Of course Santa Barbara suggests Nice. That fact has been chronicled many times. But the resemblance is confined to the climate, which is practically the same in both places. The California resort, however, has none of the lavish improvements of Nice. It is natural rather than artificial. Its only landing is the long wharf extending out into deep water, and the beach is delightfully unimproved. Those accustomed to the comforts of Nice will be sadly disappointed if expecting to find the same at Santa Barbara. The town has done but little to better its appearance. It has few artificialities. It is plain but comfortable, and it is attractive because Nature will not allow it to be otherwise.

FROM THE MISSION.

The main street leads through nearly the centre of the valley, and extends from the wharf almost to the Mission. At its lower end are the few shops and public buildings of the town, and above them are the hotels. Beyond these again are open fields, and garden-surrounded homes, which command an extended view of the mountains, the sea, the Mission, and the village.

The streets are wide, and each has its row of peppers or eucalyptus. In the lower part of the town, near the bay, the houses are surrounded by gardens filled with a profusion of shrubs and trees. Roses bloom above the doorways, and there are hedges composed of plants which in the East are nursed with tender care.

But to gain the best idea of the appearance Santa Barbara presents, one must climb to the Mission, which overlooks the entire valley. 25 Below is the town, half hid among trees which are ever green; beyond is the bay, guarded by the mountains and yellow beach; in the distance are the islands, which stretch far along the

IN SANTA BARBARA.

coast. To the west is seen the valley, opening upon the ocean, and limited by the mountains. Italy, with its softness of atmosphere, and happy mingling of the natural and artificial, has not a fairer view. The region is restful to look at and to live in. It combines 26 the beauties of three countries. With the Swiss suggestiveness of the mountains, is the Scottish flavor of the valley, while the bay is that of Naples, blue, bright, and bounded by a crescent shore.

CHAPTER II.

ALONG THE PACIFIC SHORE. THE Santa Barbara valley has an average width of from two to four miles, and is forty-five miles long. It extends from Gaviota Pass, a narrow passage across the Santa Ynez range, to Rincon Hill, and is divided into three distinct districts. That of Carpenteria lies between Rincon and Ortega Hill, and next to it is El Montecito, which borders the bay and stretches back to the foothills. The third division, the longest of all, is the Santa Barbara valley proper. In it

are the town, the village of-Goleta, and the 28 large fruit and nut ranches nestled at the base of the range.

The Bay of Santa Barbara is little more than an open roadstead, or channel. It is twenty miles wide, and is protected from the open sea by four long, mountainous islands. From a point less than a mile west of the wharf the shore extends in an almost unbroken succession of crescent beaches as far as Rincon, twenty miles away. To ride or drive along this hard, shining roadway, is at all seasons of the year a popular pastime. At low tide one may ride its entire length. In places the beach is bordered by open fields, and again is lined by high yellow cliffs, with grass-grown tops.

On sunlit days, which are the rule rather than the exception at Santa Barbara, the colorings seen on this ride are varied and beautiful. Then the cliffs are of deepest yellow, the bay is blue, and the distant islands are purpled. 29 The live-oaks crowning neighboring hills seem greener than ever; the mountains reflect a dozen different hues, as the light falls upon the higher peaks, and shadows fill the cañons. During the winter, when the valley is filled with bright green grasses, in early spring when the wild

ALONG SHORE.

flowers are in bloom, and even in summer when the roads are white with dust, and the tar-weed and wild-mustard cover the hills with a carpeting of brown and yellow, the ride past the softly breaking waves is indescribably attractive.

30

There are almost countless excursions that may be taken along the Pacific shore. One never tires of them, or indeed discovers all at once. The favorite drive is that to El Montecito. The little valley, with its vine-clad cottages and gardens, its oaks and orchards, is a suburb of Santa Barbara, and contains a score or more red-roofed houses, built and owned by those who have been attracted to the region by its peculiar beauty.

On the east and west of El Montecito, and isolating it from its neighbors, are rounded ridges that run from the bay back to the range. The slopes are thickly covered with oaks, and in winter with

bright green grass, which in summer becomes brown and offers a striking contrast to the coloring of the oaks. The southwest exposure of the valley is upon the bay, and on the northwest are the mountains, from the foot-hills of which the land has a gentle slope to the beach.

IN MONTECITO.

32

In whichever direction one looks, the prospect is varied and beautiful. Far off across the bay are seen the rugged forms of the islands; near by are the mountains, with brush-grown cañons and rounded foot-hills overtopped by bare, gaunt ledges. Down in the valley are minor vales, separated by low elevations, that are filled with orange-groves or gardens; and westward flows a noisy creek, seeking the sea through the shadow of trees growing along its banks. There is no sound other than the breath of Nature to disturb the ever present quiet. The place seems destined for rest, and study, and quiet contemplation. Flowers and verdure are everywhere, —in the gardens, along the roadside, in the fields. Winter and summer the oaks are green, and the roses are in bloom.

There are several ways of going from Santa Barbara to El Montecito. One road follows 33 near the shore, another climbs over Eucalyptus Hill, and a third is along the beach. The first route is the most direct, but that over the hill gives one a panoramic view of the country, which is worth more than the exertion it costs.

There are no large ranches in the valley, which is mostly occupied by residences; but several properties contain sufficient land for from one to two thousand orange-trees, besides moderately large vineyards and olive-groves. The largest orchard is on the San Ysidro ranch, containing two hundred acres and occupying an elevated position at the entrance to San Ysidro Cañon. There are two hundred lemon and lime trees, and twelve hundred orange-trees, the yield from which in 1886 was 300,000 oranges, and 100,000 lemons. In coming years the yield will be much larger, as the trees will be older. The cottage of the 34 owner overlooks the entire valley, and is literally embowered among the groves.

But farming for profit is not generally indulged in at El Montecito. It is a valley of homes rather than of business, and the land is worth too much for building purposes to be used for farms. The soil is a rich producer. The indigenous trees are oaks and sycamores, but to these, in late years, have been added specimens of every known variety, from the pine of the North to the palm of the South.

Many gardens contain rare collections. On the Sawyer property, at the upper end of the valley, are over twenty varieties of palms, remarkable for their age and size. Among them are a graceful screw-palm, a sago from Ceylon, a group of *Dracænas* palms, and one which bears dates. Of plants there is a large *camellia japonica*, twelve feet high, which bears fifteen hundred flowers and buds at one time. The 35 flower is a bright red, and as large as a small saucer. Near it is a large tea-plant from China, and a rare specimen of the bamboo.

With the commoner trees, the elm, oak, eucalyptus, pepper, orange, lemon, nectarine and cypress, are a large alligator-pear tree from Mexico, a valuable specimen of the silver tree, with bright silver leaves, from Cape of Good Hope, and camphor, Indian rubber, madrona, and magnolia trees. The last is very large, and when in bloom presents a magnificent sight. Several of the hedges that line the various walks are of Chinese lemons.

The elevation of the land on which these several specimens grow is about five hundred feet above sea level, and the view from the garden embraces the sea and valley. The oaks are large, and standing beneath them, surrounded by the palms and shrubs gathered from the most remote parts of the world, one 36 realizes how remarkable a place the Montecito valley is. Its productiveness is unexcelled. It is the natural home of every known plant, shrub, or tree.

Visitors to the Centennial at Philadelphia may remember seeing a huge grape-vine, thick of stock and with wide-spreading limbs. It grew in Montecito, and was taken east as a natural curiosity. The child of the giant parent still lives in the valley, and is already equal in size to its mother. Before the Americans came, and for some time afterwards, the original vine served to shade the dancers of Spanish fandangoes. There was room for a dozen couple to dance at one time, and many a feast

was eaten beneath the branches. The present vine is near the Sawyer garden, and is an object of considerable interest.

The Carpenteria valley lies to the east of El Montecito, and is separated from it by Ortega 37 Hill, —a long, low, oak-grown elevation that ends abruptly at the water's edge. From its crest Carpenteria is seen extending eastward to the bold outlines of Rincon. Pressing against the mountains are wide, yellow fields, and brown or russet pastures, while at intervals are redwood cottages, surrounded by fig and walnut trees, or nestled among groves of oak. Close beside the bay, upon which Carpenteria opens, are low salt marshes, and drifted sand-dunes, fringed with reeds and willows.

Leaving Ortega, the road follows a line of bluffs, at the feet of which is the sea, with its masses of sea-weed, — “Ever drifting, drifting, drifting, On the shifting Currents of the restless main, —”

and later, passing the sand-dunes, enters the sleepy little village standing at the outskirts of productive fields.

38

Carpenteria does not possess the picturesqueness of El Montecito, but the valley is famous for its farms, and produces large quantities of nuts, apricots, and Lima beans. Live-oaks are abundant, and the houses are set in the midst of gardens containing a large variety of flowering shrubs. The fields are mainly filled with flax, grain, or beans; and near the town is a wharf, from which the products are shipped to market. Nearer the range, which extends along its entire northern side, the valley merges into low uplands and penetrates the mountains through a number of winding, brush-grown cañons.

There is only a limited amount of boating at Santa Barbara. The bay is never so quiet as are those of the Atlantic, and one is moderately sure of being sea-sick if he ventures to try a sail. Boats may be had, however, and the deep-sea fishing is exceedingly good. There

THE WHARF.

40 is rarely a day when Chinese fishing smacks are not to be seen sailing about the bay; and those who do not fear the waves often cross to the islands, where they make camp, and enjoy life for a week or more on those isolated worlds which, years ago, were the home of now forgotten Indians.

The islands are named Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, San Miguel and Ana Capa. They are private property, and are used for sheep-ranges. The ground contains many curious Indian implements, and on San Miguel the Spanish explorer Cabrillo was buried. The islands are of various shape and size, one being more than twenty miles long and covered with hills that have an elevation of two thousand feet above sea level. All are the home of myriads of birds, and along their beaches are vast quantities of abalone shells, which are gathered, shipped to France, and made into buttons.

41

On the smallest island was enacted the tragedy of the "Lost Woman of San Nicholas," which at Santa Barbara is a familiar tale. The story begins with the removal of a number of Indians from San Nicholas, in 1836. Just as they were embarking, one of the women discovered that her child had been left behind. Returning for it, she was abandoned by her companions, who were obliged by a coming storm to set sail for the mainland. It was intended to return so soon as the weather permitted, but years passed away, and the woman in time was forgotten and left to her fate.

Twenty years later, a hunter named George Nidever, of Santa Barbara, visited the island for otters. While there, he determined to look for the woman. After careful search he found three huts made of whale-ribs and brush, and from where they stood extended an open plain, 42 in the centre of which Nidever saw the object of his journey. The woman's dress was made of skins and feathers, and her hair hung in tangled masses from her bare head. When discovered, she was cutting blubber from a seal which she had killed, but on seeing her visitor she received him with every manifestation of delight, and readily accompanied him to his boat. Signs were made her to enter it, and on her doing so, Nidever sailed across the bay, and brought his charge to Santa Barbara.

Her arrival there created great excitement, and hundreds called at Nidever's house to see her. Although she could not have been more than fifty years old, she was gray-haired and emaciated.

Her expression was one of blank ignorance, and her skin was dry and wrinkled. Her language, strange as it may seem, considering the comparatively short time she had 43 been lost, was unintelligible to all. Those who considered themselves masters of every Indian tongue, could not understand a word that she said. Owing to this fact, the story of her hermitage was never known. What became of the child she returned from the boat to find on that fatal day in 1836, is a matter of pure conjecture. How long it lived and where it was buried were facts that could not be discovered. The woman appeared to have lost all human instincts, and to every question asked made no answer that could be understood. In three months after her rescue she died, and was buried by the Mission Fathers.

George Nidever, the hero of the rescue, was a well-known character. His widow still lives at Santa Barbara, and the stories of her husband's good qualities and bravery are innumerable. In all accounts he is pictured as a second Leatherstocking, —brave and honest, 44 and familiar with Nature and Indians, the sea and its islands. In an essay on “Courage,” Ralph Waldo Emerson quotes a ballad regarding pure courage, of which Nidever is the subject.

CHAPTER III.

LA MISION DE SANTA BARBARA. FROM the bay, or crest of the range, the old Franciscan Mission of Santa Barbara at once attracts attention. Built of stone and adobe, painted white, it is outlined in bold relief against the neighboring hills, and commands a view of the entire valley. From every part of the town the twin towers and long wing are distinctly seen, while long after Santa Barbara itself is lost to view, as one follows up the valley, the walls of the church still remain in sight.

Time and man have dealt kindly with the
THE MISSION.

47 Mission. It is scarred here and there, and some of its olden attributes of interest have been lost. But the building presents essentially the same appearance that it did nearly a century ago. Standing beside the broad façade to which leads a flight of low stone steps, and listening to the

noisy clanging of the trio of Spanish bells that are rung by Fathers dressed in the coarse woollen gowns of their order, one recalls the time when the church was a seat of power, and the Fathers were the temporal as well as spiritual rulers of the land. In early days their wealth was enormous and their power undisputed.

The history of the manner in which the California Missions were crippled is full of interest. The first Act aimed at their destruction was passed by the Mexican government in 1822. It set the Indians at liberty, and suspended the revenues of the Fathers. A year 48 later the law was repealed, but its workings were so disastrous that many Franciscans had deserted their posts and taken the ornaments of the church with them. The cry in Mexico was for secularization, and every effort was made to confiscate the possessions of the Church.

The theory of secularization was very plausible. It was argued that, the Indians being converted, the object of the missionary system was accomplished, and that secular clergymen should now be substituted for “the regulars,” or Franciscans, whom it was claimed were Spaniards, and presumably hostile to the newly acquired Mexican independence. The real object of the agitation, however, is not hard to discover. In return for the promise not to be molested in appropriating the “pious fund,”—the income of certain lands formerly given the Franciscans, —the Mexican government agreed 49 with leading men in California that they should acquire the local wealth of the Missions.

On August 17, 1833, the first decree of secularization was passed. It ordered the Missions converted into secular curacies; gave the secular priests nothing but the church and one house, and provided for the removal of all the Franciscan Padres. A year later another Act placed the Missions in charge of mere commissioners. In November, 1834, the Mission lands were ordered to be colonized, thus affording the Californians their long-sought opportunity of possessing the most productive sections of the country.

In 1835 the Mexican Congress ordered a suspension of the Act of 1833, until the new curates should be installed in their several churches. Had this law not been passed, many of the Missions

would have been left without any clergy; for the Franciscans 50 had fled the country, and their places had not yet been taken by the secular clergy. But the new Act did not affect the secularization of the temporalities, which were already in the hands of the commissioners. In 1837, Don Juan Alvarado, who had usurped the position of governor, began to plunder the Missions, and in some cases completely destroyed them. In 1840 the Mexican government again attempted to restore to the clergy the absolute administration of the temporalities, but the decree was not immediately executed, and in 1842 the ruin of the Missions was practically complete. On the 27th of April, 1840, Pope Gregory XVI. erected California into a bishopric, and named to that see Father Francisco Diego Garcia, a Mexican Franciscan, who reached California in 1842, and made his headquarters at the Santa Barbara Mission, then the best preserved of all the churches. A year later, an order was issued by the acting Governor of California, authorizing the restoration of twelve of the Missions, including that of Santa Barbara. It was mainly through the efforts of Francisco Diego that even this much was accomplished. But even he could do but little. Many of the churches had been destroyed beyond hope of repair; others had been sold by successive governors and legislative bodies. Little by little the lands were confiscated, and when the Mission buildings, cemeteries, orchards, and gardens were at last confirmed to the Catholic Bishop, whom it was decided had succeeded to the rights secured to the church by the Act of Secularization, the once wealthy Missions had degenerated into mere parish churches.

This they are to-day, and he who was instrumental in saving what is left, the pious Diego Garcia, lies at rest in a vault beneath the floor of the Santa Barbara Mission. Above the tablet to his memory hangs his Bishop's-hat, and near by is the altar at which he prayed for the welfare of his people.

The foundation of the Mission Santa Barbara had been contemplated by Father Junipero in 1782, soon after the establishment of the Presidio. But by the death of that zealous missionary and other circumstances, its erection was delayed until 1786, when the cornerstone of an *adobe* church was laid by Father Antonio Paterna. The ceremonies, consisting of little more than the erection of a

cross and celebration of Mass, took place on the 4th of December. The work of construction was at once begun, and in 1794 the building was completed.

It did not have the proportions of the present Mission, which was not finished until 1820. The first church was hastily built, and was constantly being added to and improved. 53 In 1806 it was injured by an earthquake, and in 1812 was nearly destroyed by a similar visitation. But repairs were at once made, and the original plans of the designers were executed as rapidly as possible.

The work proceeded but slowly; for there were few skilled artisans, and the Indian builders had to be taught to cut the stone, burn the brick and lime, and make the mortar. The necessary stone was found in a neighboring cañon, but the timber had to be brought from the mountains, forty miles away.

Nearly all the California Missions were built after the same plan, being arranged in the form of a square, with a court-yard in the centre. The church formed one side of the enclosure, and a long corridor supported by stone pillars, and covered by a low, red-tiled roof, the other. The two remaining sides were made by the buildings used as dormitories and workshops, 54 and by a high *adobe* wall. Near the Mission, and forming a village of considerable size, were the cabins of the neophytes, beyond which extended the farms, vineyards, and olive-groves.

The Indians were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise the Angelus bell was sounded, and Mass held in the church. At its conclusion breakfast was had; after which the work of the day began. From eleven until two o'clock there was a recess, or *siesta*, during which dinner was served. The evening Angelus was rung an hour before sunset, when the Indians had supper and attended Mass; after which they amused themselves with dancing and games. The relation of the Fathers to the Indians was always paternal; they labored to develop within them the moral instinct, and taste for labor. In clear and forcible language they succeeded in making them comprehend the main principles of the religion that was 55 taught. To encourage faithful work in the fields the Fathers were accustomed to distribute gifts among the laborers when the season of gathering the crops was

ended. Persuasion, rather than force, was generally used, and as a result the condition of the Indians was radically superior to that usually enjoyed by a conquered race.

To the refusal of a few of the Franciscans to obey the law for their expulsion is due the excellent preservation of the Santa Barbara Mission. It is in far better condition than any other of the numerous churches then built. The Padres never left it during all the years of their persecution, and after their partial return to power, began at once to repair, as nearly as possible, whatever damage had been done. In late years the building has been still further restored, and is now presided over by a half-dozen Franciscans, who wear the 56 coarse robes of the order, and conduct regular services for the benefit of the few worshippers who cling to the church of their ancestors. Restrained by the dicta of the Catholic Church and limited in means, they pursue in quiet unobtrusiveness the dull routine of their daily life, and by their presence lend an additional picturesqueness to the Mission which their predecessors worked so hard to build, and suffered so severely to protect. With shaven faces and closely cropped hair, sandalled and girded, they ring the Angelus from the towers, sleep in narrow cells, chant prayers at the altar, wander about their flower-grown garden, tend the few cattle they possess, and take solitary walks among the grass-grown orchards that were once the very models of neatness and of thrift.

The story that they suggest is one tinged with melancholy. The order they belong to was rich and now is poor; its power was great 57 and to-day is gone. When the towers that still stand beside the ornamented façade were finished, and the work of years was ended, the Mission was surrounded by a village of devoted Indians. Near by was a garden filled with trees, bearing delicious fruits; beside it stretched a vineyard which gave the fathers a rich supply of wine. In front of the church, was a series of stone fountains, with round, deep basins, and carven images from which spouted streams of water brought from the neighboring cañon. It flowed from fountain to fountain to the statue of a bear, and from the mouth of the animal fell into a reservoir of solid masonry, six feet wide and seventy long.

Above the church an aqueduct of stone reached to a mountain stream; in another direction was a tan-yard supplied with water that coursed along an aqueduct built on the 58 crest of a high, thick

wall. A little further up the hill was an *adobe* bath-house, from the façade of which projected a lion's head, whose open mouth gave forth a stream of crystal water; and not far away, again, was the Padres' grist-mill, near which was another reservoir, twenty feet deep by one hundred and twenty square. Ornamenting different parts of the Mission were statues of Saints and Apostles, while crowning the apex of the gable and the tops of the towers, were huge wooden crosses, before which the Indians were taught to bow.

But the old perfection no longer exists. The village is in ruins, and only two of the many adobes now remain. Of all the fountains only one is left. There is but a single reservoir, and that a small one; the aqueducts are replaced by a wooden flume; many of the walls have fallen; the gardens and orchards are dilapidated; a modern roof has replaced the 59 ancient red-tiled one of the wing; the grist-mill, and the statue of the bear have disappeared, and those of the Saints and Apostles are chipped and scarred. The Indians, once so

THE MISSION WING.

numerous, have all departed. Only the main building, with a few of its riches, remains as it was originally built.

And yet the view of valley and mountains, of the bay and islands, is as beautiful to-day as ever; and the church, suggestive of a time so different from this, still has much of its former glory, and all of its interest. A fresh 60 layer of mortar has robbed the façade of its ancient look, and worse than all, of the swallows' nests that used to fill every crevice among the stones; and a coat of red paint has somewhat changed the former appearance of the tower tops. But these innovations were necessary, and the interior continues to retain its delightful mellowness.

The church is long and narrow. At one end of the nave is the altar, guarded by a wooden railing, and at the other is the choir. On either side are two small chapels, each with its shrine and ornaments. Midway between them and the altar is a narrow doorway opening into the cemetery; and from the sacristy to the left of the altar, one passes to the Padres' garden. The nave is lighted by six small windows, set high above the well-worn floor. The walls are eight feet thick, and forty feet high.

The sacristy is a large room, and 61 around the walls are queer old chests of drawers and cases containing a rich collection of vestments and the various paraphernalia belonging to the church. Adjoining the sacristy is a smaller room, in which are many of the articles made by the Indians who were employed in building the Mission.

The cemetery is limited in area, and occupies a space enclosed by the east side of the church, and by the high stone-wall that borders the road to Mission Cañon. The doorway leading from it into the church is somewhat below the level of the ground, and is ornamented with three human skulls and cross-bones set in the solid masonry. On either side of the door are thick buttresses of stone, which support the walls and the sloping red-tiled roof of the church.

The ground is thickly covered with graves, and the surrounding walls are damp and green 62 with moss. Tombs have been built along the side of the church, between the buttresses, and also in other parts of the cemetery. In former years the Indians were buried in a common trench, defined by walls six feet apart. When this was filled the skeletons were exhumed, and deposited in a little building occupying one corner of the premises. But few interments are now made, and the cemetery is overgrown and neglected, and an almost oppressive stillness lingers about the graves of the departed Fathers and the forgotten Indians. Vines have crept up and over the outer walls, and swallows and doves have built their nests in the quiet nooks beneath the overhanging eaves.

The Garden of the Mission possesses charming originality of design and aspect. Wandering about the narrow paths that radiate from the centre, where stands a splashing fountain, one is far away from what is modern and

THE GARDEN.

64 American. It is filled with trees and flowering shrubs. Over the sides of the church and the high *adobe* walls grown the dark green ivy; far overhead rise the towers, with their clanging bells; near by is a corridor with open arches and red-tiled roof. Birds sing among the trees, doves flutter about the house-tops; the air is laden with the perfume of roses and heliotrope, and in midwinter of orange, lemon, and almond blossoms. The garden is sacred to man. No woman is allowed to

enter it. It is the resting place of the Padres. In its shaded corners, the thick walls of their church sheltering them from the outside hurry of modern life, they are monks indeed, isolated from the cares of the world, dwelling in peace and quiet, kind, sedate, and in this prosaic century, picturesque and interesting.

CHAPTER IV.

SPANISHTOWN AND LA PATERA. THERE is no other walk in Santa Barbara that enjoys a degree of popularity equal to that leading to the Mission; for none of the others have a quaint old church at their end, or are blessed with the view which is to be had from the elevated bit of ground upon which the Mission stands. But he must be lacking in the power to love the picturesque who cannot find some enjoyment, and not a limited amount either, in rambling about the more ancient parts of the town, or visiting the less frequented byways that are not supposed at first to have an existence.

66

The chief charm of Santa Barbara is its naturalness. It is nowhere in the least artificial. The streets are wide, and overshadowing them are tall, stately eucalyptus and pepper trees that are always green, and on one or two streets are rows of stiff, foreign-looking poplars. The houses are so situated as to allow for each its own bit of ground, which has, in nearly all cases, been beautified by shrubs and flowers. In winter, when all forms of vegetation are fresh, the streets and sidewalks are bordered by green grass, and the dust of summer has entirely disappeared. From November, when the first rains come, to April, when they usually are over, Santa Barbara presents such a bright, smiling, sunny face that all who look upon her become at once her lovers.

The effect produced by all this mid-winter freshness is bewildering to one who has only lately left a region locked in the arms of snow⁶⁷ and cold. It is as though he had gone to sleep in December, and waked in June. Were it not for the telegraphic news regarding eastern weather, he might easily persuade himself, while spending Christmas at Santa Barbara, that cold weather is a myth, and that there is nowhere snow, or cold, or biting winds.

Spanishtown is to Santa Barbara what Old Town is to Edinburgh, or the North End to Boston, —a quaintly-fashioned link connecting the past and present. It is an odd and picturesque quarter of the town. Its area is not extended, and many of its better features have disappeared. But still the few red-tiled *adobes* which the early settlers in the valley built, are decidedly un-American, and in many a quiet corner are illustrated the peculiarities of a time long since passed away.

One soon discovers Spanishtown. There are numerous ways of reaching it, but the most
IN SPANISHTOWN.

69 direct road is that leading from State Street, near the County-Bank corner. In a moment the scene changes. In every direction are the houses of a Spanish-speaking people. Some front upon the street, into which their eaves project, and others are off the highway and surrounded by gardens filled with vineyards, or a few olive and orange trees.

The first house beyond the Bank is known as the “De la Guerra Mansion.” At it was held the marriage festival described by Richard Dana, who was an interested spectator of the scene in the year 1836. The house is built around three sides of an open court, facing the sea, and is a low, one-storied structure of thick *adobe* and tiled roof. Facing the court-yard is a deep veranda, upon which the doors and windows of the house open. The place is still owned and inhabited by the De la Guerra family, and presents essentially the same 70 appearance it did when Dana was a sailor before the mast, and with his friends watched the dancers enjoying themselves in the spacious court.

The next street north of that passing the De la Guerra house once belonged to Spanishtown, but is very nearly given over at present to the Chinese, who have invaded the adobe cottages and utilized them for shops. In one they have their “Joss.” The street presents a cheap copy of “Chinatown” in San Francisco, and one rather regrets its existence. Chinamen are an incongruity in Spanish *adobes*, and their glaring red posters and smoky rooms are only interesting for a limited time; but the street they occupy possesses much novelty, and the wares are temptingly displayed.

Near Chinatown a narrow lane leads past the Theatre to the old jail of Santa Barbara. It is partly in ruins, but the cells may be seen, and the roof still contains many of its olden tiles. To the left of the jail are a few cottages, so placed as to form a quiet court-yard. Two of them are purely Spanish, with their low, sloping roofs and small latticed windows overgrown with vines, and one faces a long veranda where the family washtubs are set.

In the centre of Spanishtown is the Noreaga Garden. It was a famous place in its day, but at present contains only a few old trees and vines that hardly dare venture a pale stray blossom. Along the west edge of the garden extends a low *adobe*, which the passing years have given a mellow coloring. It contains a succession of small, dimly-lighted rooms, and is faced by a long veranda, roofed with bamboo sticks resting on heavy *adobe* pillars.

They were picturesque, these Spanish *adobes*, before being relegated to obscurity behind the modern houses. Dana describes them as being models of neatness, and it is evident, even now, that they commanded an unobstructed view down the valley to the sea, and across it to the mountains. In early days the people were fond of dancing and music, and

AN OLD TIME ADOBE.

the streets were the scene of many a simple pleasure. The dress of the men was like that seen in old Mexico to-day. Horse-racing on the beach, cock-fighting and *fandangoes* were the favorite amusements, and the rich owners of land and cattle were veritable kings among their neighbors, and rode in state when visiting their *rancherias*.

73

The present dress of the Mexicans has generally become sadly Americanized. Occasionally, however, one meets an old man wearing a round, bluish cloak and a red handkerchief tied beneath the *sombrero*. The women, sitting in their open doorways, dress in dull colors, but the children wear the gayest yellows and reds, and are bright additions to Spanishtown.

The men earn a precarious living by gardening and horsebreaking, and are liberal patrons of the few saloons that have been opened in the State Street *adobes*. The majority of the people are Mexicans and have but little of the pure Castilian blood, although they speak the Spanish language. In many instances they have done Spanishtown an injury by building wooden additions to the old adobes, thus giving their houses an incongruity out of all sympathy with the cottages that still retain their original characteristics.

Passing through that portion of the Spanish 74 colony immediately surrounding the old jail and the single wall that marks the place once occupied by the Presidio, several streets leading eastward toward the mountains conduct one to a group of low hills that slope toward a narrow vale extending down to the beach. Here again are scattered *adobes* with vine-clad walls and sunny porches that command a view of the bay and shore. Around some are diminutive orchards and vineyards, that have been undisturbed since the day, perhaps a century ago, they were planted; and by the side of nearly all are gardens that in winter present a bewildering array of flowering shrubs.

This part of Spanishtown has been less changed than the other, and contains many delightful features. There are verandas shaded by grapevines, in which the washtubs are set, oval-shaped bake-ovens, protected by a covering of boughs, clumps of cactus, and groves of willow-trees, 75 and bright red roofs sloping nearly to the ground. The people pursue a quiet, uneventful life, in
A BAKING OVEN.

nearly the same manner that they did when Santa Barbara was all their own and was a stranger to all Americans.

West of States Street, and closely following the contour of the *Mesa* runs Mission Creek. Flowing from the mountains to the sea it has a diminutive valley of its own, and its banks are lined with a heavy growth of underbrush. A short distance above where it reaches the beach 76 is Burton's Mound, —a low, rounded elevation, covered with trees and grass. Here, close beside the waters of the bay, and in full sight of the distant islands, the Indians have buried cartloads of their huge earthen vessels and many of their dead. The mound is owned by an hotel association, and was

bought with the expectation of building thereon a large hotel. At present it is occupied by the old Burton house, a large, square adobe surrounded by a wide veranda. The springs on the mound are strongly impregnated with sulphur and are used for bathing purposes. A small bath-house has been built, and the water is heated to the proper temperature.

Beyond the western outskirts of Santa Barbara the hills opposite the town entirely disappear and the valley opens directly upon the waters of the channel. In nearly the centre of this district is a limited area known as "La Patera," 77 and in the same region are the large Hollister, Stowe, and Cooper ranches, the property known as Dos Pueblos, and the little village of Goleta.

In speaking of this portion of the valley it is usually designated as "La Patera," and is understood to begin at Hope Ranch, seven miles west of Santa Barbara, and to end at Gaviota Pass. "La Patera" means "the duck pond," a shallow pool, thickly fringed with reeds and rushes, and a famous resort for water-fowl. In other parts of the district are numerous stretches of marsh, or tide-land, on which the hunting is extremely good. The sea forms countless little bays, surrounded by shores covered with wild rice, and shallow estuaries extend landward for a considerable distance. Quantities of duck and other fowl frequent these secluded feeding-grounds at various seasons, and are vigorously hunted by native and visiting sportsmen.

The best general view of La Patera, or more 78 correctly, of the western Santa Barbara valley, is from the ridge directly back of the Mission, or from the towers of the church. The prospect unfolds a beauty that is utterly indescribable. Seen from such places of observation, all unevenness is obliterated. To the right, guarding its northern limits, rise the rugged mountains of the Santa Ynez; to the left is the sea. Between the two guardians lies the narrow valley. Filled with an Italian haze, or flooded at evening with the long slanting rays of departing sunlight, its wide yellow fields are studded with bright-green live-oaks, and along the water's edge runs a curving beach of sand, frosted with a long line of whitest foam. At one's feet is Mission Creek, winding through a grove of sycamores; beyond it are level fields, with square patches of green and yellow grain; a little to the left are the rounded hills of the Hope Ranch, with tiny Lake Fenton gleaming brightly among the oaks around

LAKE FENTON.

80 it; in the distance are the mountains of Santa Cruz, and far westward La Patera extends to the indistinct outlines of Gaviota Pass and Point Conception.

There are several ways of reaching La Patera. The main road leads due west, past Hope Ranch and the Catholic Cemetery, through Goleta to Gaviota Pass, and is the only direct means of communication with the valley and the towns beyond the range. Another route, but one only available for riding parties, is past the Mission to the lower foot-hills, and from thence through a succession of lanes to the main road. The third course, which is also only for riders, is by way of Castle Rock, the beach beyond that headland, and across Hope Ranch. It can be traversed only at low tide, and increases the distance. It is popular with all riders, however, and is often taken by those who do not intend to go so far as La Patera, but desire an afternoon canter along 81 shore, across the Hope Ranch hills, and home by the main road.

Once past Castle Rock the trail is over the sands of two crescent beaches that lie beneath an overhanging bluff rising to the top of the *Mesa*. Following this for five miles the way leads into a little valley, opening upon the sea, and climbs to a high plateau from whence is seen a panoramic view of the Santa Barbara valley and the mountains. From now the route is over the hills of the ranch. Here the cliff is closely followed, and one can look down from it upon the beach below; and again, there are groves of live-oak, and vistas of both sea and valley. From little Lake Fenton, resting in a hollow among the hills, the way is past the ranch-house to the highway of the La Patera valley.

The road is bordered on either side by cultivated fields and modest homes. A short distance beyond Hope Ranch are the "Cathedral 82 Oaks." They are monarchs of their species, and from them a view is had of much of the surrounding country. Beyond the grove is the village of Goleta, an unimportant settlement that occupies the centre of a rich farming country. In near vicinity to it is "Mores Landing," a narrow wharf at which small coast steamers stop.

Near the landing the Indians formerly had a town of great size and importance. Until recently its walls could be distinctly traced, but have now entirely disappeared. Excavations have disclosed a large quantity of curiosities belonging to the forgotten tribe, and he who digs may still find many tons of strange utensils and weapons.

In regular order after leading Goleta are the large Hollister, Stowe, and Cooper ranches. Famous as examples of what may be accomplished in the Santa Barbara valley, they are 83 in themselves most delightful places, and contain much that is interesting and instructive. The Hollister property skirts both sides of the road for several miles, and extends toward and into the mountains. It is known as "Glen Annie." The owner's house is embowered in trees, among which are the date, orange, lemon, peach, nectarine, and many others that have been collected from various parts of the world. The ranch consists of *mesa*, valley-land, levels, and cañons, and is a rich producer of fruits, nuts, and vegetables. Part of the land is used for sheep and cattle grazing, while other portions are planted with fruit, almond, walnut, and olive trees. The grounds are open to visitors, and various drives may be taken about the place and through the orchards to the cañons of the range. The gardens contain a large collection of shrubs, and have in addition, an avenue of palms, and a date-bearing tree

GLEN ANNIE PALMS.

85 which enjoys the distinction of being the only one of its kind in the country.

"Ellwood," as the Cooper ranch is called, joins that of Colonel Hollister, and contains over two thousand acres of highly productive land. It is the largest olive and walnut ranch in California. The owner has applied to his present business the rules of a thorough commercial education, and the gratifying result is apparent to whoever pays the property a visit. The ranch has a mile frontage on the highway, but extends back to the mountains and down to the sea. A long, winding avenue, shaded in succession by almond, walnut, olive, and eucalyptus trees, leads to the cottage, and the latter occupies a level piece of ground at the foot of a hill guarding a cañon of the range. It is surrounded by a grove of noble, wide-branching oaks and sycamores, and is near a garden filled at every season of the year with a profusion of flowers.

Across the creek that runs near the house are the ovens used for drying nuts, the bins in which they are washed, and the mill where the olive oil is made. Near by are the stables and packing houses, and to the left a grove of oranges, lemons, peaches, and pears.

Beyond Ellwood is the Sturges Ranch. It also fronts upon the road, and extends over the foot-hills to the mountains and to the shore. From the vine-shaded piazza of the ranch-house a glimpse is had of the ocean, stretching past the end of a small valley leading to it, while in another direction one looks upon oak-clad hills and through sycamore-grown cañons, to the higher peaks of the Santa Ynez.

From here the road runs westward, along the edge of a bluff facing the ocean, to Dos Pueblos Ranch and Gaviota Pass. By degrees the mountains on the right press closer and closer to the shore, until at last they reach the sea, 87 and the way becomes a narrow trail that winds over the range through Gaviota Pass to the valley of the Santa Ynez.

GAVIOTA PASS.

As one proceeds, the scenery gains in grandeur. Looking back from the Pass there is seen a bit of nature as attractive as any that Europe possesses. Mountain and ocean, sandy 88 shore and yellow cliffs vie with the valley in claiming attention. There is a softness of outline, and a happy combination of sea, hill, and level plain.

The Pass itself is a mere cleft in the mountains. The highest point it reaches has an elevation of five hundred feet above sea level, and for two miles the road runs between rough ledges of rock that have an abrupt descent of nearly seven hundred feet to Gaviota Creek.

CHAPTER V.

BY-WAYS OF THE SANTA YNEZ. WHILE the genial climate of Santa Barbara tempts the listless idler to linger in the cool shade of his balcony or beneath the orange and lemon trees, the

various places of interest to be visited invite activity. The roads and trails leading to different places are so good that the *vis inertiae* generated by the continual summer weather is often destroyed, and one becomes an energetic seeker after whatever is novel and beautiful.

The sea is, naturally, the first claimant of one's attention. Its waters are fully as blue as those 90 of the Mediterranean, and are equally as warm. During the summer the beach in front of Burton's Mound is a daily resort. The shore slopes gently out into deep water and is smooth and sandy. A row of bath-houses has been built, and the temperature of the water is such that one may bathe at any time during the year. The popular season, however, is from May to October.

Next to the pleasure of bathing is that attending the rides along shore or over the *Mesa* . The beach consists of a series of crescent curves, and is guarded by high bluffs with grass-grown tops. There are no dreary wastes, which so often destroy one's enjoyment at the sea, but the verdure of the valley creeps down to the water, and is only separated from it by a strip of golden sands.

To the right of the bath-houses is Castle Rock. From it extending westward along the
CASTLE ROCK.

92 shore is the *Mesa* , the road to which passes from the lower end of State Street through a succession of gardens. From the top of the long, rolling table-land, which in time will contain the cottages of winter visitors, there is a view of sea, mountains, and valley that does much toward making clearer the relative position of Santa Barbara and its surroundings.

On the edge of the *Mesa*, overlooking the channel and the waves rolling upon the shore at the foot of the bluff, is a lighthouse. There being so few of these beacons along the coast of California, and none other in the immediate vicinity of Santa Barbara, this is known as "The Lighthouse." It is much like others of its kind, painted white from top to base, with a brilliant lamp, that at night shines through plate-glass lenses; but has, however, a rather superior location, and enjoys more of that restful quiet which we associate with lighthouses wherever 93 they are found. One finds himself weaving curious fancies regarding what the light has seen during its many hours of constant

watchfulness, while the keeper, doubtless, must have a fund of good stories to tell, if only one had time to listen.

From where the Santa Barbara lighthouse stands the town and valley are lost to sight, and there is but a glimpse in their direction of the mountain tops. Near the light are rolling pastures and sturdy oaks, with here and there a cottage or a grove of eucalyptus trees. Southward, across the channel, now visible its entire length, rise the mountain islands, while at the base of the cliff the beach is seen extending westward toward Point Conception.

But who can withstand the attractions offered by accessible mountains? Those visiting Santa Barbara cannot do so for a longer time than is necessary to know the sea-coast well; and after 94 an acquaintance with the latter begins to pale, —if it ever does quite that, —the Santa Ynez asserts its influence, and one is all unrest until he has explored its by-ways, and looked from its heights upon the valley below. And wherever he wanders, whether far into the cañons or to the top of some of the higher peaks, the old first love, the sea, is never lost to view. There it lies, seemingly at one's very feet, its murmur hushed, and its waves subdued.

Only in rare instances is there such a combination of ocean and mountains as at Santa Barbara. The one presses upon the other, and the dividing line between the two is only a narrow valley. As the Mediterranean is seen from the hills of Algiers, so is the Pacific from the cañons of the Santa Ynez, —the one view the equal of the other, and both richly colored, beautiful, and extended.

The Santa Ynez Mountains have little of the 95 grandeur that is so characteristic of the Rockies. The greatest height attained is rarely more than 2,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the average elevation is only 1,200 to 1,500 feet. The topmost parts of the range are bare and rocky; but lower down the mountains are overgrown with trees and brushwood, the verdure descending into the cañons until they are choked with oak and sycamore. Beneath the shade are noisy streams, born in remote corners of the range and flowing over fallen rocks, and between bush-grown banks into the valley below.

Mission Cañon, nearest Santa Barbara, is the most frequented of all. Passing the Mission, the road to it crosses Mission Creek, and at once begins its climb into the heart of the range. After a last glimpse of the Mission towers in one direction, and of La Patera in another, the prospect becomes limited by 96 low-lying hills, covered with oaks, and later, by abruptly rising ridges that extend down from the mountains. A wagon road follows the tortuous course of the cañon for some distance, and beyond it is a trail that leads to a still higher elevation. At one side, now half hidden by the trees, and again tumbling openly and noisily over a rocky bed, the creek, which supplies Santa Barbara with water, flows swiftly along its way. At intervals the foot-hills recede, and allow a glimpse of the sea; and again the cañon narrows, and nothing beyond its heavy walls is visible. In places the grandeur of the Rockies is suggested. The cliffs are rough and high, and hold hardy shrubs in their crevices, or lift their bared heads far toward the sky above. And then there are little intervals where the grass is green and the flowers abundant, and where Nature smiles as freely as before she frowned.

SYCAMORE CAÑON.

98

The latter spots are favorite camping grounds for picnic parties. There are few days throughout the year when the weather does not permit one to enjoy an out-of-door lunch in Mission Cañon. On the colder days there is always an abundance of sunshine to be found; and when warm weather comes the shade of the sycamores and oaks is cool and delightful. On the banks of the creek grow rich masses of ferns, purple lupines, and other delicately petalled flowers of varied coloring. Here, too, are wild lilac bushes, in full bloom in February, and creeping white morning-glories, wild sunflowers, scarlet mimulus, and, in summer, snowy yucca spikes, rising high above their bayonet-like leaves. If one but looks carefully he will find an almost infinite variety of trailing vines and fragrant flowers. The air is laden with their perfume, and with that of the roses that here grow wild and in great abundance.

99

At the extreme end of Mission Cañon are the so called Seven Falls. The climb to them is hard. The trail is over ledges and through tangled brushwood, and can only be followed on foot. But the falls are well worth seeing. The water leaps from basin to basin, and in silvery threads flows down the steep walls of rock. The scenery is wild and picturesque. Peak overhangs peak; and blackened trees, robbed by fire of their foliage, rise above the rocks, or lie stretched upon the ground.

Near the Mission Cañon is the "Rattlesnake." Leading from the former, it is fully as picturesque as its neighbor, and may be followed on horseback for a distance of several miles.

Glen Loch, formerly called Bartlett's Cañon, opens upon La Patera. The road to it crosses Stowe's ranch, touches upon the Hollister property, and ends, at last, in a grove of live-oaks. 100 From there a path winds through a heavy growth of trees and shrubs, to a succession of pools, each one somewhat higher than the preceding, and all fed by the clear waters of a mountain stream. Some of the basins are from twenty to thirty feet deep, and others are more shallow. Around them are lichen-covered rocks, in the crevices and around the edges of which grow delicately formed ferns to which the water gives a rank and vigorous growth. The oak grove at the mouth of the cañon is often visited by picnic parties, and has frequently been the camping ground of tired visitors from the busy outside world, who sought a place which would give them perfect rest.

And they must surely have found it. At the grove, near which runs a stream of fresh, cold water, the overhanging summits of the range are close at hand, and at their base are tree-grown foothills. Toward the south are 101 sunny slopes, with oaks growing over them; far off to the west, and seen through a winding valley bordered by low hills, lies the sea, its deep blue forming a striking contrast in color to the tints of the trees and the green or yellow of the slopes. The region is as restful and quiet as it is beautiful. The air, born of the mountains, but tempered by the sea, is invigorating, but mild; the colorings of Nature are rich and varied. As the lights on hill and meadow, on mountain summit and in winding cañons, change with every hour of the day, so the prospects ever accommodate themselves to one's desires.

The number of cañons in the Santa Ynez exceeds their variety. Some are wider and longer than others, but all have that attractiveness which need only be enjoyed once to render the by-paths favorite haunts with all lovers of the picturesque. In Sycamore Cañon, 102 opening near Santa Barbara, the trees giving it their name grow in rich abundance along the sides of the creek; and the trail, following the windings of the latter, leads past mossy banks to many a secluded spot commanding a view of the mountains and often of the sea. In Cold Spring Cañon, near by, the trail may be followed until the range itself is crossed. All the way there is a succession of extended views, as the path climbs to high ridges, or winds through narrow defiles with steep ledges of rock on either side. The cañon opens into the Montecito valley, and for a mile or more is filled with oaks, shrubs, and vines. Through the centre of the ravine, that grows more and more narrow as it penetrates deeper into the range, flows Cold Spring Creek, which afterwards continues down the El Montecito valley. The trail follows and crosses it. Here the banks are low and moss-grown, and again 103 are covered with stones and bowlders that have been washed down from the mountains, and are now piled together in wild confusion. At the head of the cañon, near where the valley below and the ocean are visible, the creek leaps over a precipitous wall of rock with a fall of three hundred feet. Here the mountains are of wilder aspect. Lateral, sharp-edged spurs branch from the main range in various directions; there are deep gorges and masses of bare, gray-colored rock. Nature is as wild now as before it was picturesque. The freshness of the lower-lying regions has disappeared. In its place are bleak wastes, windswept, and the birthplace of rivulets that in time are large enough to force their way down the face of the mountain.

San Ysidro Cañon opens upon the eastern end of El Montecito, and the view from its entrance embraces not only the Montecito 104 valley, but that of Santa Barbara as well. From it one looks down upon the bay, with its islands and white-sailed boats, and eastward to Ortega Hill, beyond which are Rincon and Carpinteria. The cañon may be followed for a mile or more to the base of the range, and is watered by a stream that forms many quiet pools and miniature cascades.

Another cañon opening upon El Montecito contains a group of hot sulphur springs that are widely famous. They are found at an elevation of 1,300 feet above sea level, and surround a small hotel

designed for the accommodation of those desiring to test the waters. Every variety of bath is given, and the hotel overlooks El Montecito and the bay. Near it is Lookout Point, a wooded headland from which the coast is visible for many miles.

The springs were discovered in 1855, but had long been known to the Indians, who often

MONTECITO HOT SPRINGS.

106 visited them. They have a temperature of from 60° to 122° Fahr., and contain the following constituents: sodium carbonate, 29.6; sodium chloride, 8.7; sodium sulphate, 5; silicic acid, 4.2; with traces of calcium, potassium, sulphuretted hydrogen, and free carbonic acid. Sufferers from rheumatism, dyspepsia, and kindred troubles gain much relief from the baths.

A regular stage makes daily trips to the Hot Springs cañon. The road leads through El Montecito to the foothills, and from there up a series of steep grades to the hotel. The gorge is filled with trees, and down its centre runs a mountain stream.

But wander where he will among the by-paths of the Santa Ynez one will be sure to find something of interest. The range is richly stored with isolated nooks and corners. The better they are known the more they are appreciated. A day may be passed among the cañons, or weeks given 107 to the enjoyment of the interior. Beyond the range is the Santa Ynez valley, with its groves, farms, and Mission; near the San Marcos Pass is the Painted Cave; in another direction are the Painted Rocks. There is always some curious feature to study. The last-mentioned prehistoric relic is most curious. The rocks appear to have once formed a stone wigwam. The few remaining walls are covered with paintings of circles and figures that still retain their rich blue colorings, and the cemented floor is hard and smooth. The Painted Cave is on the Santa Ynez side of the range, and the rock in which it is fashioned is covered with rudely drawn, highly colored figures, while the interior is elaborately decorated.

CHAPTER VI.

THE OJAI VALLEY. EARLY spring in Southern California is a most delightful season. The rains are over, the air is perfumed with flowers, the foot-hills are green, and vegetation is enjoying its freshest period. Almonds have begun to form, the sycamores are in full leaf, the walnut-trees are in bud, the orange and lemon groves are filled with blossoms and clusters of ripe fruit. Peach, apricot, fig, and pear trees are all in bloom, and the fields are covered with grain and flax. By April, when one begins to take pilgrimages into the country, Nature is broadly smiling. The weather is perfect, and resembles that of June in the East. It is soft and sensuous, tempting one to remain in the open air and to wander through the valleys and among the mountains that at Santa Barbara stand invitingly near.

The gardens at Santa Barbara are marvellously beautiful. They are never without their flowers. In April the rose-bushes bend with blossoms, and the violet beds are miniature seas of blue. There are clusters of heliotrope and hedges of geraniums and verbenas. Golden marigolds line the walks, and the hollyhocks grow higher than one can reach. Callas, magnolias, camellias, pinks, and poppies are scattered in profusion among the varicolored roses, and crowning all are the orange, fig, and lemon trees.

To really see southern California one must go into the mountains and visit the valleys that extend for sixty or a hundred miles back from the coast toward the main range of the State. By such journeys the wonderful beauty of California is revealed. There is well-nigh perfection of scenery. Not enhanced in interest, as is that of Europe, by the presence of ivy-clad castles and historic ruins, and having but little of the wild ruggedness found among the Rocky Mountains, it nevertheless suggests both Italy and Colorado, while still retaining characteristics peculiar to itself.

Its composition is varied. Mountains overlook quite vales, and there are wide fields and rolling hills, and the sea is rarely lost to sight. One forgets to wish for castles and curious towns, and is fully satisfied with what he finds. Even the history of the region is sufficient when it is remembered that here the Indians of prehistoric times used to live, and that later the Franciscan Fathers, following the Spanish discoverers, established their Missions and converted the aborigines. The story of the wanderings of these pious teachers is a romance in itself. It was in southern California

that the best known of all the Franciscans, good Father Junipero Serra, labored most zealously. The route he followed to the coast and to Santa Barbara is still the highway of to-day. On some of the hill-tops along the road there may be seen the crosses that he set up, and around the Missions are some of the houses his Indian converts erected.

Thirty-seven miles southeast from Santa Barbara is the valley of the Ojai (Ohi). Lying in the embrace of the Santa Ynez Mountains, and reached by a narrow winding road leading through the Casitas Pass, the Valley is widely celebrated for its many beauties, and is without question one of the most beautiful parks of the range.

Although only twelve miles inland, the Ojai has an elevation of 1,200 feet, and its climate is 112 materially different from that of valleys lying along the coast. The mountains protect it from the moist winds of the lower country, and temper the sea breezes that enter by way of the Pass. The air is dry and bracing, and is very like that of Colorado. Many suffering from pulmonary troubles visit the Ojai, and find that its climate greatly helps them. The resort is reached by a stage ride of a few hours' duration, and the hotel accommodations are excellent. The town of Nordhoff occupies nearly the centre of the Valley, and consists of a few scattered houses, a church, and a hotel. Near the village is another establishment known as "Oak Glen." A half-dozen cottages are grouped at random around a central building, and a number of stately white-oak trees give the grounds an agreeable appearance.

The view from "Oak Glen" is extended and picturesque. The mountains are visible in 113 every direction, and form a complete circle around the outer edge of the Valley. In the distance they are softly outlined against the sky, but nearer at hand the rough contour and deeply scarred slopes are clearly revealed. Many of the peaks are a thousand feet high, and are bare and rugged. As a rule, however, the range is low and is guarded by foot-hills covered with trees and bushes.

In no other part of California are the oaks so abundant as at the Ojai. There are forests of the ever-graceful trees, and in whichever direction one rides the road winds past the gnarled trunks and beneath the abundant shade. They grow in the cañons, in the fields, and on the hillsides. Beneath

them the grass is as free from brush as in a well-kept park. The leaves are always green, and some of the trees are gigantic in size.

By leaving Santa Barbara early in the 114 morning the Ojai is reached about four o'clock in the afternoon. The road extends through El Montecito, and crossing Ortega Hill at the end of that valley, enters Carpenteria, through which it passes to an opening among the Coast Range hills. The sea is soon lost to view, and the way becomes narrowed by high cliffs covered with a network of vines, ferns, and trees. Along the bottom of the ravine flows a tempestuous stream, forming many deep pools and silvery falls; and on either side of it is a thick layer of ferns, intertwined with vines, and lighted by sunbeams falling through the over-hanging oaks.

By degrees the trail grows steeper, and in time the valley lies far below, and is seen winding off among the foot-hills toward the sea. Now the slopes are treeless, and the wild-flowers more abundant. Acres of them grow by the roadside, —blood-red clover, bright yellow 115 violets, purple thistles, ascalcias, and anemones, —all making a carpet of many hues and great beauty. We counted over seventy varieties as we rode along, and without stopping to discover all that grow. The air was fragrant with their perfume. Just where they were most abundant the trail crossed an elevated spur of the mountains. In one direction lay the Ojai, choked with trees, and in another were the valleys of Carpenteria, El Montecito, and Santa Barbara, and at their side the ocean, with its islands and long line of yellow beach. No other view in all the Casitas Pass compares with this from its highest point. Comprising valley, sea, mountain, and narrow cañons, it embraces an area of many miles, and reveals all that is most beautiful in California. As we looked we saw a steamer, seeming scarcely larger than a rowboat, round the point of land guarding Santa Barbara's harbor, and through the trees of the valley could 116 distinguish the cottages of the town. The April day was perfect. Not a cloud obscured the deep blue sky; the ocean lay like a limitless pond, calm, still, and unruffled; distant peaks were tinged a faint, soft blue, and nearer ones were brilliant in their dress of flowers.

Later we drove down a series of sharp declines, and were soon among the trees and ferns once more. Here we crossed wide, shallow streams, and again were surrounded by oaks and sycamores.

The rivers are famous fishing-grounds. We saw many an angler standing up to his knees in the water, casting his fly into sheltered trout-pools, and in places came upon camps made among the trees. The wild-flowers were now more abundant than ever; the fields contained myriads of them. We picked armfuls and tied them to our carriage, until it was a moving bower of bright colors and sweet perfumes. As we entered the Ojai proper, 117 and neared Oak Glen, the country grew more level. Fields, fringed or dotted with groves, surrounded us on every side. The air was fresh and invigorating. Shutting us in on all sides were the mountains, but before us was the valley, —in the shadow of the hills on one side, but sunlit on the other. Now and then a jack-rabbit ran with long strides across our road, and ground-squirrels chattered at us as we drove past. Cattle and sheep were feeding in the pastures; and at intervals we passed an orange or olive grove and the cottage of its owner. As a rule, however, there was but little cultivation, and nature held undisputed sway. Even Nordhoff itself is not at variance with the natural characteristics of the valley. Its houses are all cottages, and are shaded by trees and surrounded by flower-beds. The road runs directly through the centre of the sleepy town, and immediately afterwards is 118 in a region of fields again until Oak Glen is reached.

There are two valleys of the Ojai, —the upper and lower. A low range of hills causes the division, and from its crest is obtained a bird's-eye view of the entire region. The lower Ojai has a larger area than the upper, but is less cultivated. It is about ten miles long by three wide. Opening into it from the north is the Matilija Cañon, —a long narrow defile leading into the range to some sulphur springs. The creek that flows down it is full of trout. The lower end of the cañon is overgrown with brush, sycamores, and oaks. Higher up, however, there is little vegetation, and the stream rushes headlong over a mass of fallen rock and boulders. A well-made trail has been made to the springs and is often used by riding parties. Following it one day we visited the springs, and whiled away hours fishing, reading, and 119 enjoying the deep gorge, washed and torn during the rainy season, when the creek becomes almost a river and bears everything before it. The noise the water makes fills the place with a continual roar, and the rocks are piled together in every conceivable manner. On returning to Oak Glen near the close of the day, we rode out of the gorge through a

grove of oaks. It was as clean as though it had been swept. The boughs made great Gothic arches, and through these were vistas of flower-grown fields and far-off mountains.

At the extreme end of the upper Ojai is the Santa Paula Cañon, that leads to the Santa Clara valley, where “Ramona” lived and was first seen by “Alessandro.” Driving to it we spread our luncheon on the banks of a narrow stream, and rested in the shadow of the trees that grew all about us. The vegetation was that of New England in midsummer, —rank, 120 high grasses, flowers, ferns, and a cool, clear brook flowing gently over a bed of pebbles and past reed-grown banks.

The next day, mounted on sure-footed horses, we climbed Sulphur Mountain, which rises high above its neighbors on the south side of the Ojai, and whose summit is reached by a hard climb over a hardly defined trail. As the altitude increased, the prospect broadened. First a portion, and then the entire length of the valley we had left became visible, and beyond it rose the gaunt, bare peaks of the Sierra Madre range, lying far to the north. At times the trail, always winding, led through almost impenetrable forests of trees and brush, and again ran along the crest of an exposed ridge, where there was nothing to obstruct the view. On gaining the summit, however, all other visions faded into insignificance. For now, looking westward, the Pacific was seen, and the coast line reached its long, bent arm far up and down the edge of the blue, calm waters. At our feet were the tops of hills that from their bases seem high, but which were now only pointed mounds of earth. There, flooded with sunshine, was the broad valley of the Santa Clara, with a shining river running down its centre, and farmlands scattered over its fertile expanse; in an opposite direction lay a confused mass of mountains. We could see not only the Ojai, but other smaller valleys as well. As though in a balloon, we had the country spread out at our very feet, its by-ways all exposed, and its beauty temptingly revealed. If for no other reason than to gain this glimpse of southern California, one should try to give a day, or better yet a week, to the valley of the Ojai.

CHAPTER VII.

IDLE DAYS IN THE SANTA CLARA. FROM the southeastern end of Carpinteria to Ventura, a distance of nearly fifteen miles, the Coast Range closely borders the Pacific. At the base of its high

but grass-grown hills are crescent-shaped beaches of sand, along the edge of which the stage makes its daily trips.

A ride on the box-seat of this slow-going vehicle, that is pulled over the shining sands by four sturdy horses, is delightful. The stage leaves Santa Barbara early, and reaches Ventura at noon; and the half-day passes all too rapidly ¹²³ as one listens to the driver's stories, or sleepily watches the sea rolling in upon the beaches, and surging among the shell-covered rocks that are strewn about the road. One of the oldest drivers on the route is "Dave," as he is familiarly called. He is tanned by the sun and is as little given to emotion as a Sphinx. The morning he drove us to Ventura was one of those indescribably perfect ones that are so frequent in early April, —bright and warm, and fragrant with the odor of flowers, now in perfection of growth and bloom. On the way to Carpinteria we drove through yellow thickets of wild mustard, and later, past low sand-hills that were covered with bright flowers. In the cañons of the Santa Ynez were rifted banks of light-gray fog; but seaward the sky was clear, and the white-crested waves formed a spotless fluting between the yellow sands and deep blue sea. It is never the same, this road to Ventura. The fields are forever changing ¹²⁴ their coloring, and so is the sea. To-day the islands across the bay are mere shadowy outlines, as fragile, apparently, as fog-banks. And again, their rough sides and serrated summits are as clear cut and boldly outlined as though not twenty miles away, but rather close at hand.

On nearing Ventura, or San Buenaventura, as the Spaniards called it, the road leaves the beach and crosses a group of sand-dunes to the river that flows past the edge of the town. In winter, when the rains have swollen it, the stream is often impassable for days, delaying the mails and completely isolating Santa Barbara from the outer world. Usually, however, it is shallow and easily forded. Once past it we entered the sleepy limits of Ventura, and from the main street could see far up the broad valley of the Santa Clara, —the same grand thoroughfare through the Coast Range that is visible from Sulphur Mountain in the Ojai, and which is ¹²⁵ one of the most important agricultural sections near Santa Barbara.

It is nearly fifty miles long, and is guarded on either side by low hills that gain in height the farther east they are. At the end of the valley, where it opens upon the sea, is Ventura, and from it wide,

flat fields extend for fifteen miles toward the east and south. The town is the natural shipping port of the region, and promised at one time to be of considerable size. At present it has less than five thousand inhabitants, and is a listless, prettily located town, commanding a view of the Pacific and of the valley.

In nearly the centre of Ventura stands the old Franciscan Mission, a heavy, white-walled building, settled at the base of a hill, and having a broad façade, on one side of which rises a massive tower. The church is in a fair state of preservation, but the outer walls are covered with the stains of age. The nave is long and narrow. At 126 its extreme end is an altar, and on the walls are hung several paintings, of questionable merit but undoubted age. As a whole the Mission is interesting, not only in itself, but because of its history. It is older than the one at Santa Barbara, and has been less changed. Its roof is still covered with red tiles, and the old Spanish bells in the tower continue to ring forth the call to prayers.

The row of little *adobe* cabins near the church, and facing the main street, remind one of Mexican towns. There are but few of the houses left, —the others having been pulled down to make room for modern buildings, —but they are still occupied by Spaniards; and as we drove past, the doorways and long verandas were filled with idlers, who never appear to have much to do, but who are infinitely contented.

There was once considerable rivalry between Ventura and Santa Barbara, and there is even 127 now more or less feeling. The former claims natural superiority and greater activity in commerce. From a picturesque point of view, however, there is no comparison between the two places. Ventura occupies a flat area, and its harbor is less secluded than that of Santa Barbara. Large quantities of oil are shipped from the place, and it is the supply town of the Santa Clara valley. The oil is brought in pipes, laid above ground, and is emptied into a large tank. From there it flows directly into the apartments prepared for its reception on the small coast steamers.

Much excitement has been caused in past years by the oil discoveries made in southern California. There are several wells in the Ojai, and others near Newhall, at the head of the Santa Clara.

In Wheeler's Cañon, a few miles east of Ventura, is a supply of queen oil much in demand for illumination. Tunnels have been run into the hill, 128 and the oil oozes from the ground and is run by piping to large tanks set at the mouth of the tunnels. As a rule, the petroleum is not equal to that in Pennsylvania, and is mostly used for fuel. Some of the wells, however, produce a superior article. There are five thousand barrels shipped every month from Ventura, and the tank there holds four thousand barrels.

Beyond Ventura the stage-road up the Santa Clara is nearly due east. At its mouth the valley is fifteen miles wide, but soon grows narrower, and eight miles inland has only an average width of from three to five miles. On either side of the highway are cultivated, level fields, some planted with grain and flax, others covered with fruit-groves. To the right of the road, coursing down the south side of the valley, runs the Santa Clara River, filled when we saw it, in April, with swiftly flowing waters, but which in summer is a mere rivulet struggling against wastes of sand.

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It is impossible to foretell the future of the Santa Clara valley. It contains thousands of acres of rich farm-land, and its climate is particularly adapted to the growth of fruits and cereals. The river affords sufficient water for irrigation, and besides it are several smaller streams flowing into the valley from the northern range of hills. The ranches vary in size, and contain from two hundred to two thousand acres. The region was formerly a single Spanish grant, but subdivision took place long ago, and to-day small farms are the rule rather than the exception.

Fifteen miles east of Ventura is Santa Paula, a village occupying the centre of the valley and consisting of one main street faced by a few wooden stores. South of the town runs the Santa Clara, forcing its way along the base of the hills. Toward the north is the range forming the southern limits of the Ojai, and through which extends the Santa Paula Cañon, opening into the 130 valley a little to the east. The shortest route from the Ojai to Santa Paula is down this cañon. The road follows the windings of a noisy creek, and the scenery *en route* is always picturesque, and often grand.

At the mouth of the cañon, and overlooking the valley and town, is a typical California fruit-ranch. It formerly contained nearly a thousand acres, and embraced not only Santa Paula, but the land across the river and up the cañon. It has been divided now, one of the original owners taking the fruit-groves, and the other the pasture-land and apricot-orchards. The vineyard is small, and so is the olive-patch, but the orange and lemon trees cover more than two hundred acres. Wagon loads of the luscious fruits are sent off every day to Ventura, and the trees lend a rich green color to the landscape.

The original home of the joint owners of the property is set on high ground and overlooks the 131 entire valley. In front of the house is a wide veranda, almost entirely covered with vines, among which the California linnets have built their nests. From it a short flight of steps leads to a grassy half-acre of lawn shaded by palms and orange-trees, and bordered by gardens filled with a profusion of flowers. In the morning the birds wake one with their songs, and during the day the vines give a refreshing shade.

A California fruit-ranch affords a visitor almost infinite enjoyment, and to the owner is more than likely to return a liberal profit. Unlike the stock-ranches of the great middle West, it is invariably a most delightful home, whether a profitable one or not. The products of the several ranches near Santa Barbara are varied, some being olives, others oranges or other fruits, and many nothing but walnuts. It is questionable which product yields the most money. In the Santa Ynez valley the climate and soil seem best 132 adapted to olive-growing; and in the Santa Barbara valley olives and walnuts do equally well. In the Santa Clara, the orange, lemon, and apricot trees thrive luxuriantly.

As a rule, oranges grow best the farther away from the sea they are. The trees do not need a particularly rich soil. Indeed, some of the best groves are on land that would not grow anything else. Water is used but sparingly. The ground is kept free of weeds and is ploughed at regular intervals. A grove that is from ten to fifteen years old ought to, and often does, yield a handsome return. The trees are planted in long rows, and are protected from high winds by eucalyptus trees, which grow rapidly and attain a great height. An orange-grove is never without fruit, which ripens early in the spring. Before it is picked, the blossoms have appeared, and the young oranges have formed; so

that by the time the old fruit is gathered, the new is ready for 133 market. The trees are carefully tended to prevent scale, and are constantly trimmed back to prevent too rapid growth. They are usually allowed to reach a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet. They never lose their foliage, and throughout the year form great masses of green, that in the Santa Clara, where the groves are numerous, give the valley a freshness that even the dryness of summer cannot destroy.

It was one long holiday for us at the Santa Paula ranch, —an early breakfast, a visit to the grove, the drive to town for the mail, quiet canters about the country, a picnic in the cañon, and fishing-trips along the creek. Although the month was April, —fickle and cold in the East, —it was like June in the Santa Clara. The grain was knee-high, the groves were in bloom, the wildflowers carpeted all the fields. From the veranda we could see far up and down the valley, —eastward to where the hills came together and formed 134 pale-blue barriers rising shadowy and indistinct against the bright, cloudless sky; southward to the town, beyond which ran the glistening river; and westward to the sea. The surroundings and climate both encouraged idleness.

Some one ought to write a poem about the Santa Clara valley. It possesses little historical interest, to be sure, but otherwise would easily invoke one's Muse. It has an Arcadian simplicity, but its coloring is superb, delicately shaded afar off, but clear and varied near at hand, a happy mingling of rich contrasts, and with every hue intensified and pronounced.

It is such a restful region too. The people work, but do not worry. The lack of animation might be wearisome in time, but for a month is enjoyable. All are farmers, —one waiting to gather his crops, another to pick his fruits. And while they wait the valley slumbers, and the river steals noiselessly down it to the sea. Such nights 135 for sleep as we had may never come again. Certainly none more perfect can ever be. No sooner was the sun gone down than the air is that of October in the East, —clear, cool, and invigorating. A sputtering fire of eucalyptus logs burns in the open fireplace, and when it goes out bedtime arrives. Windows are thrown wide open, and through them comes the delicious oxygen. No wonder the Santa Clarans idolize their valley. It knows no winter. The seasons are all nearly alike, —one continual June, with flowers in one's garden when the snow is

deep over all the Eastern hills, and singing birds and droning bees, when elsewhere in the world the country lies locked in the chill embrace of winter.

But to those interested in making it profitable, a ranch is not forever the scene of idle dreaming. There is always something that needs attention. There is the grain to sow and harvest, the 136 irrigating-ditch to be changed and mended, the grove to be ploughed. Then the fruit pickers and packers must be looked after, or the corral repaired. But time commands no premium, and night brings its rest and recreations.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HOME OF "RAMONA." MOST persons living in southern California have read or are still reading "H. H.'s" "Ramona." It is the strongest plea for popular indignation against the abuses practised in regard to southern California Indians that has ever been made. It is also a delightful story. Its pictures of the California life of a quarter or half a century ago are perfect. "H. H." visited the places she described, and has woven a wonderfully perfect picture of them into her story. The driver who now takes you to visit old San Diego has heard 138 of Ramona, and of Alessandro, the Indian, and has been taught, or has himself learned, to show the visitor the house at which the runaways were married by Father Gaspara, and the view of the bay which Ramona so greatly admired.

"Father Gaspara's house was at the end of a long, low *adobe* building, which had served no mean purpose in the old Presidio days, but has now fallen into decay; and all its rooms, except those occupied by the Father, had been long uninhabited. On the opposite side of the way, in a neglected, weedy open, stood his chapel—a poverty-stricken little place, its walls imperfectly whitewashed, decorated by a few coarse pictures and by broken sconces of looking-glass, rescued in their dilapidated condition from the Mission buildings now utterly gone to ruin. . . . Here was the spot where that grand old Franciscan, Padre Junipero Serra, began 139 his work, full of the devout and ardent purpose to reclaim the wilderness and its peoples to his

THE SOUTHEAST CORNER.

country and his Church. On this very beach he went up and down for those first terrible weeks, nursing the sick, praying with the dying, and burying the dead. . . . And the only traces now remaining of his heroic labors and hard-won successes were a pile of crumbling ruins, a few old olive-trees, and palms.”

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It is all just the same now, —the low *adobe*, the palms, the beach, and northward the coast line, with its “succession of rounding promontories walling-the mouths of cañons, down many of which small streams make to the sea. These cañons are green and rich at bottom, and filled with trees, chiefly oak. Beginning as little more than rifts in the ground, they deepen and widen till at their mouths they have a beautiful crescent of shining beach from an eighth to a quarter of a mile long.” Galloping past these “rounding promontories,” Ramona and Alessandro rode into old San Diego. The railroad now follows the same route, and after leaving the beach runs up the Santa Margarita Cañon, which Ramona thought a “beautiful world” when she first gazed upon its trees, which “seen from above looked like a solid bed of moss filling in the cañon bottom.” It lends to San Diego and vicinity an interest they never had ¹⁴¹ before, —having this new association which “H. H.” has given them. And seeing the places makes Ramona and Alessandro real personages. The heroine of the novel has to-day many a prototype in southern California among the Spanish-speaking señoritas, but there are few Alessandros. Ramona was a lovely and lovable girl, and Alessandro a noble, handsome, true-hearted Indian. Were all the Indians in southern California like Alessandro? “H. H.” thinks they were, or might easily have been, and she blames the Americans for causing their present poverty and degradation.

That there was unjust persecution of the Indians after California was ceded to the United States is unquestionably true; land steals were frequent. The Government obtained more territory than it knew how to protect and care for. The Indians were in the way of settlers, and they had to leave; many were bought out, ¹⁴² others driven. This would never have happened had all the natives been the equal of “H. H.’s” Alessandro. But this is not to be a letter of discussion on the wrongs of the Indians. If “H. H.” overdrew her picture and gave us an Alessandro that never existed except in her imagination, she did so for the good of those who are homeless and poor, and to whom it will do us

no harm to offer our sympathy and aid. There are good California Indians, and there are bad ones. If the good predominate, so much the better; if the bad, so much the more need there is for Americans, and especially for the Government, to do something to improve them morally and financially. They once owned the best lands of California; that they do not now is certain, and why they do not is a question history answers in a way to make us all a little ashamed.

So, leaving the matter to be discussed when the question can have proper attention, come 143 with me on a two days' visit to the Camulos ranch, where the heroine Ramona lived with the Señora Moreno and her foster-brother Felipe, and where she met Alessandro at the sheep-shearing season. We shall find a second Señora Moreno, calm and iron-willed, but kind and gentle, and not hating the Americans as did the first señora we knew; and we shall find a second Ramona too, and another Felipe, and shall see Juan Can lounging about the sheep-corral, and maids doing the week's washing at the creek, down by the artichoke-patch. Yes, and there will be coquettish Margarita, and old Marda the cook, and the chapel, and the olive-patch, and the verandas, with their vines and linnets' nests. The story will seem like reality to us as we wander about. We can visit the Señora's room, with its Saints and Madonnas, and see where good Father Salvierderra used to sleep, and where Baba was corralled, and the 144 sheep that Capitan herded, and the crosses on the mountains, put there by the Señora to warn all passers-by that they were on the property of a good Catholic. We will see Felipe's room, and the window through which Ramona tossed the note the night she ran away with Alessandro, and we will sit on the veranda and look out upon the flower-dotted courtyard, across which the children carry great smoking dishes from the kitchen to the Señora's dining-room. If we are fortunate, we shall be shown the altar-cloth, safely placed out of harm's way in the chapel, that Ramona mended the day Father Salvierderra arrived. We shall have, in fact, the reality in place of fiction, a quaint, strange, utterly foreign reality, rarely found even in California, and now, thanks to "H. H.," given a coloring and an interest that has already made it a place of pilgrimage for the many readers of the gifted writer.

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The Camulos ranch comprises 1,400 acres of sheep, vineyard, and fruit land, and is situated nearly at the head of the Santa Clara valley. Eighteen miles eastward is the town of Newhall, on the

Southern Pacific railroad, and nearly forty miles westward are Ventura and the Pacific Ocean. On the south runs the Santa Clara River, flowing past low, reed-grown banks, and along the edge of high, undulating hills. On the north are gently sloping pastures, that extend back to other hills. The property is owned by a Spanish family, consisting of the Señora, her son, aged about forty, her daughter, son-in-law, and several others, male and female, young and old. The Señora's husband is dead. The ranch is valuable property, and its olives have a wide reputation for excellence. Just behind the house, and passing near the barn and sheep corrals, runs the county-road, extending from Newhall to Ventura. No railroad has yet 146 approached the premises, and only the heavy stage, drawn by four horses, and carrying mailbags and passengers, makes regular trips along the highway. There being no hotels in the neighborhood, Camulos is regarded more or less as a hotel. Any one passing up or down the valley and wishing to rest over night or a day stops at the ranch. It is not from necessity that the Señora thus allows strangers to come to her house and sit at her table. She is far richer than the most who seek shelter beneath her roof and offer to pay for a night's lodging and breakfast. But the custom is an old one, established by necessity, and so the Señora and her sons take the wayfarers in and give them the best there is to eat and drink.

But the head of the house is not free to all who come. She sees them at table, where she always sits at the head, and passes them as she walks about the place. But conversation with 147 the strangers the Señora does not have. She leaves such work to her sons and people. But if one brings letters or is known, the calm, strong face is all smiles, and the private rooms of the house are opened; and in rare instances the Señora exhibits the treasures of her chests, and shows rare old laces, and embroidered clothes, and heavy silks, that were worn when she was a girl. She has each article marked with the date of its purchase, and in a box are all the paid bills of the finery. She has read "Ramona," and points out the places described in the book. "Some there are who come here," she says, in her pure, melodious Spanish, "who think to find the real Señora and the real Ramona. But they are not here, although this is the house. I was away when Mrs. Jackson was here. She never saw me. But she came to the ranch, and her description of it is very good and very true. Yes, we employ Indians for shearing 148 now, whenever we can find them. There are but few left. A few live by themselves a short distance down the valley, but there are not many even there. She was

not here long, —Mrs. Jackson; but she saw everything. It is all as she says. It is true, too, about the singing of hymns early in the morning. We have never done so, but it was once a custom, in very early days. There have been many changes during the thirty years I have lived here, and there will be greater ones when the new railroad comes. My son in Los Angeles writes me he will soon come home all the way by rail. I shall be glad to see the time. It will increase the value of our land. I do not hate the Americans as the Señora Moreno in ‘Ramona’ did.”

Among the Señora's possessions—she showed them all to us one day—is a photograph that might well be that of Ramona. It is the face 149 of a young girl. The eyes are large and wistful, the mouth beautiful and sensitive, the dress quaint and picturesque. The hair, brushed square away from the parting, hangs in heavy masses around a low, wide brow; the hands are small. Surely Ramona must so have looked as she went about the ranch, —now speaking kindly to old fussy Juan Can, and again helping Margarita out of some trouble, or leading the pious Father about the garden-walks. One can easily see that the Señora lives to be obeyed. She is everywhere about the ranch and out at the stables, in the wine room, in the garden, among the orchards. It is always “Si, Señora” when she gives an order; and all obey when she speaks in her calm, imperious way. She does not speak or understand English, but her people do, and when we do not understand, the Señora orders her words or ours translated, and then goes on with her story. Often we sit with 150 her these bright, warm, moonlit evenings, —she and all of us on the long, wide settee that stands on the veranda overlooking the garden in which is the chapel, —and listen to what she says. They are delicious nights we are having now. Cool enough for shawls and coats, they are sufficiently warm to enable us to sit out in the open air until late; and the south veranda, on which Alessandro made the rawhide bed for Felipe, is always attractive, night or day. At eight o'clock the big, cracked Spanish bell hanging near the house is rung, and the Señora, with prayer-book in hand, walks slowly to the chapel, where evening prayers are said. Following her are the women of the household and a few of the men. The altar is lighted with candles. Through the open doorway we can see the kneeling group, and, standing by the fountain, under the orange and lemon trees, can hear the Señora reading and the responses made. After 151 prayers are over we all gather on the veranda, the Señora in the centre. Or else we wander off about the grounds, —now going to the wine-presses, where a fire is

brightly burning under the distilling boiler, and again to the garden, where the air is heavy with the perfume of orange-blossoms, and the moonlight falls in strange figures upon the gravelled walks. It does not seem as though we were in America or living in this century. The white, heavy walls of the house, the Spanish words we hear, the prayers in the chapel, the quiet, are all foreign. It is Spain once more, and near by, so it seems, there must be the Alhambra or an ancient city. But it is America, and California, and better yet, it is the home of Ramona. At our side is the window of her room. There she whispered to Alessandro, and there he heard her lisping out her prayers while he watched by the side of Felipe. It is the Señora Moreno's veranda; 152 who can doubt it? There is the end, looking like a “balcony or loggia;” here are the flowers,

THE SOUTH VERANDA.

and “great red water-jars” filled with fine “geraniums, carnations, and yellow-flowered musk. Besides these were many sorts of climbing-vines, some coming from the ground and twining around the pillars of the veranda, some growing in great bowls, swung by cords 153 from the roof, or set on shelves against the walls. Among the vines hung the Señora's canaries. She was never without a young bird-family on hand; and all the way from Ventura to Monterey it was thought a piece of good luck to come into possession of a canary or finch of Señora Moreno's raising.”

The road we took from the ranch to the Camulos led directly up the Santa Clara valley from Santa Paula, through a garden-like region, shut in on the north and south by parallel ranges of mountains, and extending east and west so far as the eye could see. Four of us drove, and one mounted on her pony rode beside us, and kept us well supplied with wild-flowers, of which there were acres along the roadside. Beyond the Sespe River they became more and more abundant. They covered the hillsides, and lay in great patches by the side of the road. Our route was that which Father Salvierderra followed 154 when on his way to the Señora Moreno's house. “The almonds had bloomed, and the blossoms fallen; the apricots also, and the peaches and pears; on all the orchards of these fruits had come a filmy tint of green, so light that it was hardly more than a shadow on the gray. The willows were livid light-green, and the orange-groves dark and glossy like laurel. The billowy hills on either side the valley were covered with verdure and bloom, —myriads of low blossoming-plants, so close to the earth that their tints lapped and overlapped on each other and on

the green of the grass, as feathers in a fine plumage overlap each other and blend into a changeful color. The countless curves, hollows, and crests of the coast hills in southern California heighten these chameleon effects of the spring verdure; they are like nothing in nature except the glitter of a brilliant lizard in the sun or the iridescent sheen of a peacock's neck."

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No wonder the good Father often stopped to enjoy the beauty of the scene, or was late in reaching the end of the long journey he had made. One cannot travel very rapidly when there is so much to see and to enjoy. Near where we stopped to eat our luncheon, in the shadow of a huge live-oak tree, the fields were carpeted with flowers of every imaginable color, —clover and buttercups, sunflowers and wild sweet-sage, thistle and cacti, —all girded by green grasses. As we drew near the ranch, —which we first caught sight of from the crest of a low hill overlooking a wide, flat basin dotted with wheat-fields and groves and white-walled Indian huts, —we drove through the thickets of wild-mustard, such as delayed the Father, and in which he met Ramona. "The wild-mustard in southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which the birds of the air may rest. Coming up out 156 of the earth, so slender a stem that dozens can find the starting-point in an inch, it darts up, a slender straight shoot, five, ten, twenty feet, with hundreds of fine, feathery branches locking and interlocking with all the other hundreds around it, till it is inextricable network, like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom, still finer, more feathery and lace-like. The stems are so infinitesimally small, and of so dark a green, that at a short distance they do not show, and the cloud of blossoms seems floating in the air; at times it looks like golden dust. With a clear sky behind it, as it is often seen, it looks like a golden snow-storm."

The thickets grew higher than our heads as we sat in our wagon, and the branches fluttered and bent far over as the birds rested on them; and away on the distant hillsides we could still see the "feathery gold" sharply outlined against a background of rich green. Passing the Indian 157 village, —a collection of brown *adobe* huts, with big-eyed, half-naked babies sitting in open doorways or playing about the irrigating-ditches, —we forded another stream, and then, following a row of willows and cottonwood trees, came to the corrals and barn belonging to the ranch. The road to the house leads along the side of the pens, past an orange-grove, to an outer yard formed by the store-

houses and kitchen-shed. Here we were met by Señor D—, who had our horses taken away, and led us to the east veranda of Ramona's home. Two of the rooms given us opened upon the veranda that Juan Can must have used when he sat with his legs stretched out, and a target for the saucy sayings of Margarita and the other girls of the Señora's household. Our other room was that which Father Salvierderra used always to occupy, and which is to-day used by the priests who come once a year to hold service in the little chapel. 158 It had two windows, “one to the south and the other to the east,” and the doorway opened upon the south veranda. Very soon after our arrival supper was served in a dining-room hung about with orange-branches, with the golden fruit still clinging to them. “The dining-room was on the opposite side of the courtyard from the kitchen, and there was a perpetual procession of small messengers going back and forth....At last supper was ready, —a great dish of spiced beef and cabbage in the centre of the table; a tureen of thick soup, with forcemeat balls and red peppers in it; two red earthen platters heaped, one with boiled rice and onions, the other with the delicious *frijoles* (beans) so dear to all Mexican hearts.” Such was the meal we had served to us, and before going to it we had seen the “perpetual procession of small messengers” carrying the steaming dishes across the court. There were decanters of home-made wine, 159 and oil, and olives grown in the groves near by. The Señora sat at the head of the heavily loaded table, and it was not until she arose that the others left their seats. If only we had had the Father, the meal would have been so much like that we read of in the story.

“The Señora Moreno's house was one of the best specimens to be found in California of the representative house of the half-barbaric, half-elegant, wholly generous and free-handed life led there by Mexican men and women of degree in the early part of this century. When it was built General Moreno owned all the land within a radius of forty miles, —forty miles westward down the valley to the sea; forty miles eastward into the San Fernando mountains; and good forty miles more or less along the coast....The house was of *adobe*, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front, which looked 160 toward the south. These verandas, especially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms to the house. The greater part of the family life went on in them. Nobody stayed within the walls except when it was necessary. All the kitchen work, except the actual cooking, was done here, in front of the kitchen

doors and windows....Old Juanita shelled her beans there; the herdsmen smoked there, lounged there, trained their dogs there.”

The east side of the court is open and is bordered by a grove of orange-trees. In the centre of the yard is a fountain, and lining the walks are orange and lemon trees and flowering-shrubs, now in full bloom. The veranda-top is entwined with grape-vines, and the ground-floor beneath is daily swept, and has been packed as hard as cement. The kitchen occupies a house by itself. Next the cooking-room is the laundry. The present cook of the ranch is an Apache Indian. 161 He is forever busy, and the savory smells from his stove are always there. In one small room back of the kitchen lives an old Indian who is blind. He has been with the family many years, and is now passing his remaining days in happy idleness, much as Juan Can did after breaking his leg at the shearing. The bedrooms opening upon the veranda have low, wide windows and open fireplaces. The walls are hung with pictures of Saints, and in that of the Señora are statues, and rosaries, and shrines. There are rarely less than twenty-three people all living at Camulos at the same time, and often the number is doubled. Maids and children are everywhere. The Señora has for the younger people, in the long parlor of the house, an organ and a piano-forte, on which the bright-eyed little ones practise. “Between the (south) veranda and the river meadows, out on which it looked, all was garden, orange-groves and almond-orchard, —the 162 orange-grove always green, never without snowy bloom or golden fruit; the garden never without flowers, summer or winter; and the almond-orchard, in early spring, a fluttering canopy of pink and white petals, which, seen from the hills on the opposite side of the river, looked as if rosy sunrise clouds had fallen, and become tangled in the tree-tops. On either hand stretched away other orchards, —peach, apricot, pear, apple, pomegranate; and beyond these, vineyards. Nothing was to be seen but verdure, bloom, or fruit, at whatever time of year you sat on the Señora's south veranda.”

The garden comes close to the edge of the veranda. It is filled with trees, —mostly orange, but with a few lemon, cypress, and oleander, —and in the centre stands a large fountain-basin, in which are gold-fish. Beneath the trees are flower-beds, banks of geraniums and marigolds, rose-trees, and lilies; and in the vines that the 163 Señora has growing over the fence separating the garden from the artichoke patch, linnets and other birds have built their nests. Down the left side of the

fragrant little square, always warm and sweet, and ever beautiful at whatever hour one visits it, is a long, high grape-arbor that leads to a little brook at the foot of it. "Across this brook, in the shade of a dozen old gnarled willow-trees, were set the broad, flat stone-wash-boards on which was done all the family washing. No long dawdling, and no running away from work on the part of the maids, thus close to the eye of the Señora at the upper end of the garden; and if they had known how picturesque they looked there, kneeling on the grass, lifting the dripping linen out of the water, rubbing it back and forth on the stones,....they would have been content to stay at the washing day in and day out, for there was always somebody to look on from above." It was there Ramona took 164 the altar-cloth after Margarita had let it get soiled; and there, too, she was first seen by Alessandro, who stood motionless at the sight which greeted him. To the right of the fountain, half hid among the overhanging branches of the trees and covered with vines, is

THE CHAPEL.

the chapel. It "was dearer to the Señora than her house. It had been built by the General in 165 the second year of their married life. In it her four children had been christened, and from it all but one, her handsome Felipe, had been buried while they were yet infants....The altar was surrounded by a really imposing row of holy and apostolic figures, which had looked down on the splendid ceremonies of the San Luis Rey Mission....That one had lost an eye, another an arm, that the once brilliant colors of the drapery were now faded and shabby, only enhanced the tender reverence with which the Señora knelt before them, her eyes filling with indignant tears at the thought of the heretic hands which had wrought such defilement." It was Ramona who kept the altar and vases supplied with flowers. On the chapel steps, Alessandro, in the first flush of his love, kneeled, so as to be near her when she came out from the mass which Father Salvierderra said the morning after his arrival. The altar is still supplied with 166 flowers and statues, and pictures adorn the walls. In a chest of drawers are the rich vestments which the Señora keeps for the use of the priests; and among them is shown the altar-cloth, of delicate Spanish workmanship, which Ramona mended. The place of the rent in it is still to

THE BELLS.

be seen. To the right of the chapel, in one corner of the garden, is a frame holding a trio of old Spanish bells. The largest is rung for 167 prayers, the smaller one next it for dinner, and the third to call the children to school.

But wherever one goes about the Camulos ranch he will find much to see and enjoy. There is the river, hurrying over its shifting sands and sweeping near the vineyard. There are many cool, shady retreats these warm, summer-like days; and behind the house are the stables and corrals, where at evening there is a confused noise of bleating kids and lambs, and twittering swallows dashing in and out of their nests of mud beneath the eaves of the barn. In a long *adobe* and stone building are the Señora's store rooms; casks of wine and olives, boxes of grapes and dried fruits are there in profusion. Near this are the chicken, turkey, and duck grounds, and the carpenter's shop and blacksmith's forge. Brandy is now being made in the distillery, and in the olive-groves the fruit has already begun to form. Every morning the birds wake us with 168 their singing, and at evening we have the moonlight, in which the home of Ramona seems even more romantic than it did by day. We can find nearly every place which "H. H." describes. Guided by her, to our imagination Ramona lives again, and so do Felipe and the Señora Moreno, and the others in the story that has drawn us to visit the quiet, beautiful Camulos.

CHAPTER IX.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING. THE present population of Santa Barbara is about five thousand, and is steadily increasing, owing to the reputation which the place enjoys as a sanitarium. Isolated as it is, the seekers after the picturesque, and invalids anxious to regain their health, have found it.

There are two ways of reaching Santa Barbara. A regular line of steamers runs between it and San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego, the largest ships leaving either city every three days, and smaller boats making trips at 170 intermediate periods. There is also a stage line to Newhall, a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad, between Los Angeles and Mojave. Daily trips are made over the eighty miles of road, leaving Newhall at three o'clock in the afternoon, and reaching Santa Barbara at six in the morning, and leaving the latter place again at seven-thirty in the evening and

reaching Newhall the next day in time to make connection with trains for the southeast and San Francisco. The mail comes overland, but passengers generally use the boat.

By water the distance to San Francisco is three hundred miles, and to Los Angeles one hundred. Steamers for the former city leave Santa Barbara at ten P.M., and reach their destination early in the morning of the second day. A long stop, however, is made at Port Harford, thus reducing the time from port to port to less than thirty hours. For Los Angeles the hour 171 of leaving is the same. San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, is reached early the following morning. Returning steamers leave San Francisco at two-thirty P.M., and arrive the following afternoon or early evening. From San Pedro they leave at noon, and reach Santa Barbara that evening. The smaller boats are a somewhat longer time in making their trips, and call at more ports. They are not generally used, but are comfortable crafts.

Between Los Angeles and Santa Barbara the ocean is rarely rough enough to cause sea-sickness. In going to San Francisco, however, one must be a good sailor to escape being ill. In the channel, followed nearly to Port Harford, the water is generally calm. At the present time a new railroad through Santa Barbara has been surveyed, which will probably be completed by 1887. It begins at Newhall, and passing down the Santa Clara valley, follows the coast

THE ARLINGTON.

173 through Santa Barbara to Soledad. By this route Santa Barbara will be within easy reach.

The Santa Barbara hotels are numerous and good, there being two commercial houses and two that are particularly for tourists. There are, besides, a large number of private boarding-houses, at which one may obtain home comforts at reasonable rates. Of the hotels the "Arlington" and the "Ellwood," both owned by Colonel W. W. Hollister, compare favorably with those of other resorts. They are separated by an open block, and occupy a commanding situation overlooking the bay and town. The "Arlington" is a three-storied wooden building, surrounded on two sides by a wide piazza, from the cool shade of which are seen the mountains. In another direction beyond the town

is the bay. The table is supplied with delicacies from Colonel Hollister's ranch, and enjoys a wide reputation for many excellencies. The ground-floor

THE ARLINGTON VERANDA.

175 contains the office, reading, smoking, and billiard rooms, and a spacious hall and parlor. On the floors above are the sleeping-rooms. Adjoining the hotel are a garden filled with flowers, a tennis-court, and a neatly trimmed lawn.

The “Ellwood” was originally the Santa Barbara College building. It is of brick, three stories high, and is surrounded by a wide piazza, and garden filled with flowers and containing a large live-oak that gives an abundant shade. The house enjoys with the “Arlington” the advantages offered by the Hollister ranch, and is a carefully conducted and exceedingly comfortable hotel. It is also owned by Colonel Hollister.

The commercial houses are on State Street. They are patronized by business men. Near them is the “White House,” one of the oldest boarding-houses in the city. It occupies a corner lot and faces a grove that extends back to 176 the creek. For those desirous of being near the beach, and who object to living at a large hotel, the “White House” is particularly desirable.

The boarding-houses are scattered at random about the town, and in nearly every instance are surrounded by a garden filled with shrubs and trees. Some are larger than others, but all are comfortable homes. Board at such places is reasonable, and the table fare is excellent.

A popular custom at Santa Barbara is to rent small cottages for a year or season and keep house. Others simplify matters by hiring cottages to live in, and take their meals at the hotels or boarding-houses. The price for unfurnished cottages varies from \$10 to \$40 per month. For furnished houses the rates are from \$20 to \$75, according to location and size.

The cottages make charming homes for those enjoying an easy existence and phenomenal climate. The servant question is troublesome at 177 times, but as a rule there is little difficulty in obtaining good service. Wages are higher than in the East, but fewer servants are required, and housekeeping

is not made a hardship. One of the great charms of Santa Barbara is the freedom it offers in the matters of dress and life. More time is given to enjoyment than to questions that render city life a bore, and residence in Newport or Nice a social hardship.

But all social forms are not disregarded. On the contrary, they are upheld. There is much intercourse among the people. The society is delightful, but foolishly fashionable it is not. The taste is not for display in any particular. Mental and social qualities, rather than riches, are at a premium. Freedom in dress and in the manner of living is allowed without question.

The Santa Barbara wharf is one of the best on the coast. It extends twenty-two hundred feet into the bay, and rests on heavy piles. For 178 fourteen hundred feet it is eighty feet wide. Its owner receives a royalty from every boat that uses it.

Town lots command from \$75 to \$7,000 each, according to their location. The cost of living is as low as in most places, while the products of the gardens greatly reduce the absolute expense of the table.

The business interests of the town are unimportant. There is no manufacturing and all trade is retail. The stores face upon State Street and are mostly of wood, there being but few brick or stone buildings. There are two banks, the First National and the Santa Barbara County, several public schools, and an excellent public library. The telegraph and express offices are near the post-office.

The population is largely composed of those who make the place their home because of illness, or for the sake of the natural beauties that 179 may be enjoyed. They have in many instances built small but attractive houses. The number of such homes is steadily increasing, and their presence enhances the agreeable aspect of the town.

But to those not able to lead a life of idleness while regaining their health, Santa Barbara offers few opportunities. Positions of a clerical nature are difficult to obtain; and there is little encouragement for one to establish a business of his own.

To a man commanding capital, however, there are, out of town, opportunities more or less good. A carefully attended stock-farm, a small orange or nut orchard, and market-gardens may all be made profitable. Land appreciates in value every year.

There still remains some desirable country property, but the total amount of arable land is not large. In the Carpenteria valley there are 80 about ten square miles of productive soil, the upland, chiefly used for pasturage and wheat-growing, being worth from \$25 to \$50 an acre, and the lowland, on which are grown all temperate and semi-tropical fruits and vegetables, \$150 to \$250 per acre. The chief products of Carpenteria are Lima and castor beans, apricots, nectarines, figs, grapes, prunes, berries, and walnuts. The population is about 700. The tendency is toward small farms and varied products. The valley contains the largest apricot-orchard in California, and one of the largest nut-groves.

El Montecito is particularly adapted to horticulture. The soil is light and dry. Land is worth from \$250 to \$300 per acre. The region is being rapidly settled, and contains many valuable estates owned by Eastern visitors. Water, for both drinking and irrigating purposes, is taken from mountain streams. An orange-ranch equal in size and age to that of the "San Ysidro"

A CARPENTERIA COTTAGE.

182 is worth \$10,000. There are few large groves, but many small ones. Market-gardening is an important industry, the soil and climate both being favorable to the growth of vegetables.

Around Goleta, five miles west of Santa Barbara, there are about 2,000 acres of agricultural land, worth from \$100 to \$200 per acre, according to location and quality. It is generally level and easily cultivated. One wishing proof of its productiveness has only to examine the Hollister and other ranches near by to be convinced that whatever is planted will grow.

Other farming districts are in the Santa Ynez, Lompoc, Santa Maria, and Los Alamos valleys. That of Lompoc contains over 35,000 acres of arable land and 160 farm-tracts. The soil is rich, and its products are similar to those of the Santa Barbara valley. The district has an ocean frontage from

Gaviota Pass to Point Purisima, and has a large grazing area, land for such purposes 183 being worth from \$20 to \$30 an acre, while that for orchards is worth more than double.

Thirty-five miles north of Lompoc is the Santa Maria valley, 25 miles long by 12 wide, and containing 243,445 acres, of which 65,000 are arable. It is chiefly famous for its wheat, and the land is worth from \$30 to \$50 an acre.

The Los Alamos valley lies mostly back from the coast, and contains 149,315 acres, of which 35,000 acres are arable and adapted to the growth of wheat, flax, and barley. The price of land formerly ranged from \$10 to \$50 per acre, but has since then greatly appreciated, and is now worth from \$40 to \$100, according to its location.

The Santa Ynez valley, nearly parallel with that of Santa Barbara, and separated from it by the Santa Ynez range, contains 208,647 acres, of which not less than 50,000 are adapted to agricultural and horticultural purposes. The balance 184 is devoted to grazing. Some of the best lands for dairy-farming are also found in the district. Several large olive and orange groves have been started, and the region is one of the most important tributaries of Santa Barbara.

As a rule, the price of land in any of the valleys is not high, and at this moment there is little difficulty in obtaining valuable properties for comparatively little money. The ranches must constantly appreciate in value. Let there be a railroad into Santa Barbara, and a market be assured, and the county will rank among the foremost in the State. It has a climate particularly adapted to the needs of farmers, and its soil has often been proven most impartial.

The climate of Santa Barbara is one of the most perfect in the world. This is not intended to imply that sunshine is eternal, or that there are never disagreeable days. Because of its peculiar situation, —facing the sea and 185 protected by mountains, —the temperature is very nearly uniform. Snow never falls, and frost is seldom experienced. The temperature of January is 53° and of July 68°. For the winter it averages 54°, for the spring 60°, for the summer 68°, and for autumn 63°. The average

difference between the temperature of the warmest part of the day and the coolest part of the night is but 12°.

The summer season is fully as delightful as the winter. No matter how hot the day out of doors, in the sun, may be, it is always comfortable in the shade or in the house. In a period of thirteen years the highest temperature of August was 98° and the lowest 55°. For the same period the highest for January was 83°, and the lowest 33°. The summer nights are invariably cool.

The rainfall averages seventeen inches. A rain never continues longer than a week, and 186 rarely over three days. Fogs do not often visit the valley in winter, but are frequent in summer. They are not chilly, however, and are usually from one hundred to five hundred feet high and disappear by noon. Some carry considerable moisture, but the dampness is welcome because of the new life it brings the vegetation, which from May to November has no other means of being refreshed. There is never any thunder or lightning, although in winter there are often heavy showers during the night, which are followed by clear warm days.

Strong north winds occur very seldom, but when they do come, are laden with dust, and are intensely disagreeable. March is the month in which they most prevail, but even then they are but the exception rather than the rule, and do not last for more than a day or two. Flowers bloom continuously, but are more numerous in winter than in summer.

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Malarious diseases are unknown; hay fever is never heard of; and croup and acute bronchitis are rarely seen. Pulmonary and miasmatic troubles are greatly ameliorated by the climate. Patients, however, need not look for miraculous cures if they visit Santa Barbara during the last stage of their disease. Life may be prolonged, but not saved. But troubles that are still in hand can often be cured, provided care is taken, and a sober, out-of-door life is pursued. The climate is generally acknowledged by competent judges to be superior to that of either Nice, Mentone, or St. Augustine.

The educational facilities of Santa Barbara are most excellent. There are several public schools, which are supported by the city and presided over by competent teachers. There is also a private

school, at which children of both sexes are afforded every intellectual advantage, and a course of study given in Unity Chapel by an 188 able teacher particularly qualified to instruct. The public library is one of the best in the State.

The city is supplied with pure water from Mission Cañon, and is lighted by gas. Owing to the peculiar nature of the soil, the streets are rarely muddy, even during a heavy rain. There are churches of every denomination. The "Santa Barbara Club," occupying rooms over the First National Bank, is a social organization supplied with daily and monthly publications.

Such, in brief, is Santa Barbara. Quiet and picturesque, it possesses many virtues and but few faults. Whatever may be said of it, one can never analyze its real charm, it is indescribable. Favored by nature it has not been spoiled by man; and it is literally the home of an eternal summer.

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DISTANCES.

Miles. From Santa Barbara to San Francisco 300 " " " " Los Angeles 100 " " " " Newhall 80 " " " " Goleta 6 " " " " Hollister Ranch 10 " " " " Cooper's Ranch 12 " " " " Sturges Ranch 15 " " " " Gaviota Pass 40 " " " " Santa Ynez (*via* San Marcos Pass) 40 " " " " Los Alamos and Lompoc 60 " " " " El Montecito 4 " " " " Carpenteria 12 " " " " Ventura 30 " " " " Ojai Valley (*via* Casitas Pass) 37 " " " " Light-House 3 " " " " Hope Ranch (Lake Fenten) 3 " " " " Mission Cañon 3 1/2 " " " " San Ysidro Cañon 9 " " " " Cathedral Oaks 8 " " " " Bartlett's Cañon 12 " " " " Sycamore and Cold Spring Cañons 3 1/2 " " " " Ramona's Home 60

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COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES. Difference. Location. Winter. Spring. Summer. Autumn. Summer Winter. Santa Barbara, Cal., 54 29 59.45 67.71 63.11 13.42 St. Augustine, Fla., 58.25 68.69 80.36 71.90 22.11 Mentone, France, 49.50 60.00 73.00 56.60 23.50 Nice, France, 47.88 56.23 72.26 61.63 24.44 Average at Santa Barbara for July, 68.45. Yearly average, 61.43. Difference between July and January, 15 degrees.

NO. OF DAYS WHEN TEMPERATURE WAS BELOW 42° OR ABOVE 82°. 1873. 1874. 1875. 1876. 1877. 1878. 1879. 1880. 1881. 1882. 1883. Average. Days below 42 degrees, 2 6 2 10 5 12 12 24 12 41 39 15 Days above 82 degrees, 2 13 12 7 13 10 12 2 2 3 12 8 Average annual rainfall for fifteen years, 17.31 inches.

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COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURE OF SEA WATER. Santa Barbara, Cal. Newport, R.I. January 60 32 February 61 32 March 61 34 April 61 43 May 61 52 June 62 62 July 64 66 August 65 70 September 66 65 October 63 58 November 61 44 December 60 36

Mean 62 46

TO THE PACIFIC COAST. PRACTICALLY speaking, Chicago is the initial starting-point of all transcontinental journeys; and "THE BURLINGTON ROUTE" affords the most direct communication between that city and Denver, Kansas City, Atchison, Council Bluffs, and Omaha. The system embraces a greater part of the Middle West, and at its western termini makes close connections at Union Depots with the Pacific Coast roads.

The BURLINGTON is the only line having its own track between Denver and Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. Its two routes between Chicago and Denver are *via* Pacific Junction and *via* Kansas City. By the former, the road traverses Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, and Colorado in an unbroken line of one thousand and twenty-five miles; and through trains, fully equipped with Pullman Sleepers, are run daily from city to city. By the latter route, the BURLINGTON crosses portions of Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, and at Kansas City connects with the Santa Fé Road, that crosses Kansas and extends into Colorado to Denver.

Two daily trains over the "BURLINGTON ROUTE" leave the Union Passenger Station, Canal Street, Chicago, for Kansas City and Atchison, and are equipped with Pullman Sleeping, Dining, and Reclining-Chair Cars, together with first-class passenger coaches. DINING CARS are run on

all trains between Chicago and the Missouri; and the entire BURLINGTON track is as smooth as perfect road-beds, steel rails, iron bridges, and all other known devices can make it.

The “BURLINGTON ROUTE” possesses great variety of scenery. Between Chicago and the Missouri are cultivated fields and populous cities; beyond are the boundless plains with their ranches, grazing herds, and new metropoli. And at Denver the Rio Grande Road, the famous “Scenic Line,” connecting with the BURLINGTON, conducts one to the romantic scenery of the Centennial State, and through its wild cañons to Salt Lake City.

Through tickets to all Pacific Coast points, *via* the BURLINGTON ROUTE,” may be purchased everywhere. At Omaha the road connects with the “Union Pacific,” and at Denver with the “Rio Grande.” Both join the “Central Pacific” at Ogden, and with it form a through line to California. At Kansas City the BURLINGTON meets the Santa Fé Road, that from there begins its long journey through the ever-mysterious Southwest to MEXICO CITY, Los ANGELES, SAN DIEGO, and all Pacific Coast points.

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